

COUNTRY LIFE

I ILLUSTRATED.

**THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.**

VOL. VI.—No. 145. [REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14th, 1899.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½D.

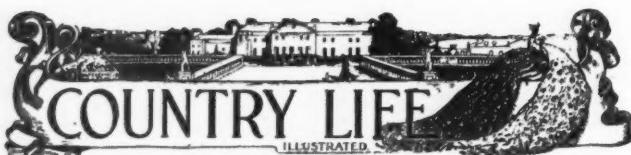


Hudson & Narins
London, S.E.

Photo, ALICE HUGHES.

THE MARQUISE D'HAUTPOUL.

5a, Gower Street.



**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece: The Marquise d'Hautpoul</i> ...	449, 455
<i>Wheat and Oats</i> ...	450
<i>Country Notes</i> ...	451
<i>A Day in Norfolk. (Illustrated)</i> ...	453
<i>A Pilgrimage to Walsingham. (Illustrated)</i> ...	456
<i>Recollections of a Water-bailiff.—V. Otters and Fish. (Illustrated)</i> ...	458
<i>Fatima's Wedding. (Illustrated)</i> ...	459
<i>Pond Trout. (Illustrated)</i> ...	460
<i>In the Garden. (Illustrated)</i> ...	462
<i>Watching for Rabbits. (Illustrated)</i> ...	463
<i>Gardens Old and New: Severn End. (Illustrated)</i> ...	464
<i>A Book of the Day</i> ...	467
<i>The French "Llandes" and Sand-dunes. (Illustrated)</i> ...	469
<i>A Gastronomic Appreciation of the Solar Goose. (Illustrated)</i> ...	470
<i>Electric Lighting of Country Houses. (Illustrated)</i> ...	472
<i>On the Green</i> ...	473
<i>At the Theatre: "Man and His Makers"</i> ...	474
<i>Literary Notes</i> ...	475
<i>The Satellites of Shooting</i> ...	476
<i>O'er Field and Furrow</i> ...	477
<i>Cycling Notes</i> ...	477
<i>Shooting Gossip</i> ...	478
<i>Racing Notes</i> ...	478
<i>The Staghounds on Exmoor</i> ...	479
<i>Correspondence</i> ...	479

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

With regard to photographs, the price required for reproduction, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated. If it is desired that the photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

It must be distinctly understood that no one will be treated with who is not the owner of the copyright of the photograph submitted, or who has not the permission in writing of the owner of the copyright to submit the photograph to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE for reproduction.

Vol. V. of COUNTRY LIFE is now ready, and can be obtained on application to the Publisher. Price, bound in green half-morocco, 25s., or 21s. in green cloth, gilt edges. Vols. I., II., III., and IV. are out of print. All cheques should be made payable to the Proprietors, COUNTRY LIFE.

* * * On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. V. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

WHEAT AND OATS.

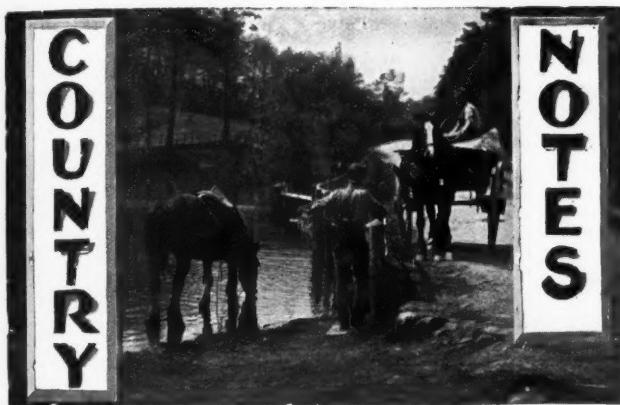
If husbandry be a slow process, it is at least a restless one. Sere October has come, and the yellowing leaf proclaims that the long bright summer is ended at last. The harvester has disappeared from the fields, crops are snug under "thack and rape," and already in many places the steam-thresher has done its work; and what a few weeks before was waving on the fields is now in the corn-bin or even converted into bread. Already the farmer has his eye on next year. In September the beautiful dry weather enabled him to get on with his ploughing, and he will sow quickly now, provided the rain does not come down too inordinately. The time is very suitable, therefore, for a few reflections on the wider aspects of cereal-growing. For many years now the least satisfactory part of the farm has been that devoted to wheat. Not even under the stimulus of the Spanish-American War and the operation of New York speculators did it attain a price that left much margin over the cost of cultivation on the heavier soils. The present indications, too, are in favour of a further fall in the immediate future; but how long is this state of things likely to continue? We all know that it is temporary. Population is swarming over the hitherto waste places of the earth, the number of wheat consumers is multiplying enormously, and the quantity of land

devoted to its growth is, so to speak, losing its elasticity. In other words, the geographer and the statistician are now able, approximately at least, to set bounds to what we have hitherto been accustomed to regard as illimitable. Sir William Crookes, for instance, has worked it out that the bread consumers of the world have increased from 371,000,000 in 1871 to 516,000,000 at the present moment. Roughly speaking, this gives an annual increase of about 5,000,000 bread eaters. To put the matter in another way, the United Kingdom alone requires an addition of 2,000,000 bushels of wheat to supply the increase of population. Now it may very well be argued that it would be merely academic to push this speculation too far. A time doubtless will come when the food supply of the earth will be insufficient for its population. Mr. A. J. Balfour, in one of those eloquent passages in the "Foundations of Belief," has described the future of this planet as a dry, arid, waterless globe, the life in it quite extinguished. This is to say, if it be not in the time swished out of existence by a comet's tail or subjected to some other cataclysm of Nature.

But fascinating as this train of thought may be to a philosophic mind, it refers to a time or a contingency too remote to influence the work of the day. And yet it has a very practical bearing on the agriculture of the immediate future. To take one fact, the increase of population in the United States is visibly affecting the home demand for wheat, and leaving less surplus for export. The Hon. John Hyde, Statistician-in-Chief of the United States Department of Agriculture, has calculated that if the population there goes on increasing at its present rate, it will in thirty years or so require more than its own wheat crop. That is more or less true of all other wheat-exporting countries. What does it mean to the English farmer? The answer is plain. Either from now, or from no distant date, wheat is likely to begin a gradual and steady recovery of price. There must be a growing demand; there cannot be an unlimited supply. It is in every way likely that men now middle-aged will live to see wheat become once more the most profitable crop. We have had nearly a generation of over-abundance, but in all probability we are now at the point of emerging from a long depression. Needless to say, this is taking no alarmist view. The potential food supply of the world is far from being within sight of exhaustion yet, and there are sources that so far have been only indicated by the chemist. Moreover, the world has not yet been put on its mettle. Let grain rise in value, and there are many ways by which its production may be increased. Some of these will be reserved till the pinch is felt. For instance, our own wheat area could be very largely extended if it were worth while. Let wheat rise above 40s. a quarter, and a great deal of Essex now in pasture, for which it is very unfit, would be ploughed and sown as it used to be. There are thousands of acres of poor land hard to let now that used to yield an income, and would once more come under cultivation. Land reclaimed in the dear years at the end of last century and the beginning of this, then allowed to lapse again, with nothing but the old furrow marks left as a memorial, would once more be taken in. It is all a question of price merely.

Without looking so far ahead, there are undoubtedly means at hand for increasing the productiveness of the soil at no great outlay. Science has done much for agriculture, and ought to do still more. For example, take the question of seed-corn. In the past very little attention has been paid to the matter, and yet it is of the utmost importance. At Cockle Park, the farm let for demonstrative purposes to the Northumberland County Council by the Duke of Portland, Professor Somerville tried certain experiments with oats that we should like to see extended to all kinds of grain. He took a number of plots of strong clay loam and sowed them with oats, for the purpose of comparing the results of several varieties. Each plot, it should be added, was top-dressed with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of sulphate of ammonia and 2cwt. superphosphate. The difference in the yield was truly remarkable. Bavarian oats gave 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of grain and 17cwt. of straw per acre, Scotch white oats 38 bushels of grain and 24cwt. of straw, but a new unnamed white oat of Garton's gave 56 bushels of grain and 34cwt. of straw. This result speaks for itself, and we believe it is the first occasion on which the new oats of the Messrs. Garton have been subjected to such a test. It will be most interesting to try all their seeds in the same way. Professor Somerville will not be able to carry on the experiment at Cockle Park, as he has accepted a Professorship at Cambridge, but it may be hoped that his successor will not fail to carry on so promising a work. The improvement in oats was effected by crossing with the wild oat grass of China, and the greater yield is due to the fact that the new breed produces ten or twelve grains where originally only two or three were produced. By further crossing with the indigenous wild oat a hardy plant has been obtained, quite suitable for early autumn sowing. In wheat a very similar process has been applied. Triticum spelta, the indigenous wild wheat of Southern Asia, has been crossed with our cultivated varieties, and the resulting cross is said to be a very fine wheat that ripens early, and does not readily shed its grain in wind. Improvements of equal importance have been

effected in barleys and also in grains. On some future occasion we hope to go into this matter more fully, since it is obvious that any increase of fertility in our most considerable food-plant is an event of the greatest interest to the whole world. At present our aim is only to show a method by which the productiveness of the soil may be materially increased at little or no extra outlay. And that is what the farmer chiefly wants. Whatever the future may have in store, it is useless to disguise the fact that for the time being prices are too low to justify any experiment of an expensive nature. Even manuring has to be studied carefully to obtain the best proportionate results—the slight extra return for a large quantity does not meet the expense. Sir John Bennet Lawes gives the result of scientific test as well as a life-long experience when he says that very high farming is not profitable under present circumstances. It is a very different matter, however, if better returns can be obtained by the use of new breeds of cereals or forage plants that have been discovered only after long years of patient trial and research. The Messrs. Garton have been pioneers in this new field of agricultural study, but no doubt they will have many followers, and the prudent farmer will not be slow to take full advantage of such discoveries.



AT the moment of writing there are distinct signs of an improvement in the position in South Africa; not an immediate improvement in the circumstances of British residents in the Transvaal, of course, for that is a matter of time; but there has been no outbreak of hostilities, and in this matter every day is a gain to the cause of peace. It may interest the Duke of Devonshire to know that he is in complete agreement with a remarkably level-headed Hollander gentleman of our acquaintance in this matter. "Kruger," said our friend, "will never let the Boers begin hostilities if he can possibly help it"; but, on the other hand, he saw clearly that if the Boers did not begin hostilities at a time when they might have some temporary and profitless successes it would be none the less clear that, at the end, all resistance to the British demands would be entirely hopeless. Among really well-informed persons, therefore, the opinion grows that there will be no considerable warfare unless the young Boers get quite out of hand on the frontier, and very likely not then. The real meaning of the situation is being shown to them; they are beginning to realise it. This is written in the belief that the precious ultimatum of the Boers is mere bluster. Even if authentic it will make no difference.

But, settlement or no settlement, the Army Corps, the most considerable military force that has ever left these shores, will go to South Africa. Most likely it will never have to fight, but it is essential that the Boers should be shown, once and for all, that Great Britain is the paramount power in South Africa, that she is not to be trifled with, and that she is as watchful as Rome in her proudest days of the interests of her sons. The Army Corps, therefore, will go to South Africa, and Mr. Kruger's house will be set in order so thoroughly that there will be no chance of the recurrence of recent disorders and acts of oppression. Then, of course, there will be an outcry that money has been spent profusely and in vain. Not a bit of it. It is costly, of course, to send all these troops to South Africa, but it is as clear as daylight that the indispensable object could not have been secured without sending the troops. It will be infinitely more costly if there is fighting before that object is attained; and if that happy time comes without fighting, no thoughtful man or woman will complain.

Meanwhile, the cry of the Boers on the frontier is "Huis-toe"—we commandeer the expression from Mr. Rider Haggard, one of the few survivors of Sir Theophilus Shepstone's expedition to Pretoria in 1877. "Huis-toe" means "home," and it is a very natural cry. It is the short expression of the feelings of some thousands of farmers who have left their holdings under the

impression—hard as we may find it to enter into their ideas—that they were going to sweep the English into the sea. Already they have discovered that the business is not so easy as it seemed. Like the raw levies of mediæval England, they cannot keep the field for any length of time; they must act, or go home, and it is more than likely that they will go home before the pinch comes. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that Mr. Rider Haggard's opinion of the fighting power of the Boers is the same as that of every man who knows them. They are by no means fond of fighting unless they have it all their own way; they have a very high idea of the value of the life of a Boer, and they have no experience of loss on their own side, save in the solitary case of the Weenen massacre, when the victims of the Zulus were mainly women and children.

One more point in connection with the same subject. There can hardly be one of our readers in this country who has not a close personal interest in this matter. Brothers, cousins, fathers, uncles, friends, husbands—we have all of us to watch the fate of one or more familiar personalities engaged in this expedition. The public spirit shown is excellent among men and women; you may see it as the great troopships start from Liverpool or from Southampton. The women do not altogether like the process, of course; it rends their heart-strings, but there is a look of steadfast firmness on almost every face, and there are no silly demonstrations of feeling. At the same time there is visible a general disposition to respond to Lord Stanley's appeal to employers in the matter of the Reservists, and we firmly believe that few of the men who give up their work to serve their country will be sufferers in the long run. It is the first great trial of our system in this respect, and it casts a great responsibility on the employer class generally. Upon their practical answer to the appeal made to them will depend to a large extent the future of voluntary service.

It was a somewhat serious announcement which Lord Londonderry made at Seaham the other day, on the occasion of his nineteenth annual sale of Clydesdales. He is going to reduce his stud, not because he does not believe in the intrinsic value of the Clydesdale blood, but because he finds the business does not pay. In like manner he gave up a colliery a little time ago, because after years of hard work he found that, year after year, the outgoings exceeded the incomings. He declines, in fact, to be a purely philanthropic institution. In this particular case Lord Londonderry got about £48 a head for sixty-nine animals, and he mentioned a case in which a foal bought at his sale for £105 had realised 890 guineas later. The public at large, perhaps, hardly realises to how large an extent great landlords are philanthropic institutions, or how many of them keep up, for the sake of their dependents, enterprises which are a mere expense. Let us give a few examples, some of which came out in evidence before Lord Carrington's Land Commission. It was proved that the Duke of Westminster had for many years spent more on the Halkin estates than he received from them. The same was practically the story of the agricultural estates of Lord Penrhyn, although his great quarries, of course, bring him in a large income. Lord Bute, too, keeps up more than one colliery at a dead loss; and for many years the Bute Docks did not pay the interest on the money borrowed for their construction. Lord Dunraven's Irish estate, again, is a losing concern. Now Lord Carrington was rather fond, when facts of this kind were put before him, of suggesting that this was not business, and ought to be put a stop to; but the answer is, that if the landlords of the kingdom are ever compelled to treat their estates on purely business principles it will be a terrible time for the tenants.

At the same time, as readers of the very cogent leading article which heads these notes will perceive, it is quite possible that English agriculture may have a great future, and that not in the remote distance. The wheat supply of the world is not growing in proportion to the demand, and the latter is making great strides. Farmers have but to take to heart the lesson upon improved seed contained in that article in order to take a foremost place in supplying the growing demand. In the meanwhile, the bad times are not yet over, and the practical sympathy shown by landlords for their tenants, while it may be an economic heresy, is likely to be the salvation of the farming class.

Lord Londonderry has been mentioned once already. Yet it is necessary to bring his name in once again in order to address to him, and to Lady Londonderry, and to Lady Helen Stewart, a word of sincere sympathy in connection with the untimely death of Lord Reginald Stewart. Lame although he was from his infancy, Lord Reginald was a youth of great promise. He had shown a more than considerable talent for mechanical engineering, and, before his health broke down, the Seaham Railway was his playground, and he could drive a locomotive as well as a first-class engine-driver. It was about two years ago that it became clear that his young life

was doomed, and from that time his mother, great leader of fashion and highly intellectual woman that she is, gave up everything to her sick son. He was taken to Madeira, to South Africa, where he stayed with Mr. Cecil Rhodes, to Kimberley, and his mother visited him constantly; and now his short life, so full of brilliant promise, is at an end.

It was certainly high time for the yachting authorities in New York to alter at least one of the conditions of the races for the America's Cup, for an American winter is not a thing to be trifled with, and at this rate the rubber will hardly have been decided before Christmas. As we write the fourth attempt to bring off the first race is announced to have been an even greater fiasco than the first three. There was not wind enough "to stir the quivering aspen leaves," let alone to fill the sails of a racing cutter; and from this day on the yachts will sail *de die in diem*, in a faint hope that some day one of them, or perhaps both, will finish the course. Mr. Herreshoff certainly showed a true understanding of the American climate when he built the Columbia to be a light-weather ship; but even the Columbia must have some wind to move her, and on Tuesday the boat never left her moorings. Let us all whistle for a wind. But stay! is it prudent? The experts were all of one mind that the Shamrock was no light-weather ship; they were certainly wrong about that. May they not be wrong also in thinking that in a stiff breeze she will be at her best. That, we confess, is our opinion also, but we have our misgivings, for the experts are with us, and the expert is a perfect genius in false prophecy.

The team that Prince Ranjitsinhji has taken out to the United States is evidently too good for its purpose, if its purpose was to give a good game, on equal terms, to American teams. Its progress has been like a triumphal march of the Juggernaut Car crushing innocents beneath its weight. But perhaps we may take it that stern cricket and close matches were not precisely the object of the tour. If the visitors looked forward to a "good time" and hospitable entertainment, it is very certain that in America they will not have looked in vain. And if the hosts looked forward to a bright and attractive display of the best cricket, it is equally sure that they will not have been disappointed in that, with Mr. Jessop to do the big and sensational hitting, Mr. MacLaren to exhibit his forceful clean driving game, and unrivalled fielding, and the captain himself his peculiar gifts of skill in eye and wrist. We can hardly imagine a team capable of presenting our national game in more attractive guise.

Among the minor questions of the day the motor-car question threatens to loom large. It is delightful, of course, to tear about on a motor-car or an automobile at a pace which laughs the whirlwind to scorn, but it is not at all delightful for the driver of dog-cart or phaeton, or for the ladies taking an afternoon airing in the carriage, to meet the motor-car in full career. Horses are frightened, they bolt, and there is an accident, which, whether fatal or not, is certainly unpleasant and alarming. The question is, what is to be done? Civilisation cannot stop in its onward march; that is plain. Horses must be educated until they care no more about motor-cars than they do in these days about bicycles, which, ten or twelve years ago, were a real danger. Horse-owners, for their own sakes, must lose no opportunity of accustoming their animals to motors. But the owners of the latter will do well to remember for a year or two that the opportunities open to the horse-owner are not numerous, and that it is possible for them to show consideration to the horse-owner by slowing up when they meet a horseman or a carriage by the way. No law is wanted save that of "Live and let live." With a little care and consideration on both sides things will come right.

We see that the Perth Town Council has declined to lease the fishings in the Tay on a seventeen years' lease to the syndicate, preferring to let the fishing as heretofore on a yearly lease, so that it can resume the control practically at its pleasure. The Tay has been doing very well in the latter days of the angling, though the drought prevented fish from running up for a week or two after the nets were off. Had there been a flood about the middle of September it is not unlikely that it would have fished in a way to recall its old glories, which one almost had to regard as vanished for ever.

There are only two beavers left at the Zoo, one being a representative of the ancient race of European beavers, some of which survive on the banks of the Rhone. Feeling that winter is coming on they have set to work to make a "lodge" in proper beaver fashion, justly despising the ridiculous "rustic" house of concrete which was provided for them in the middle of their pond. They have sunk spacious burrows under the lawn which surrounds their pool, over an area of some 8yds. square. Where the earth has broken into them from above, the beavers have piled up all the willow boughs and sticks given them, and plastered these

with mud. The pond being concreted, they have had to make their own mud-mortar, which they have done most successfully by scraping two holes in the lowest part of their run, into which the rain water drains, and in this they puddle the mud. The result is doubtless very satisfactory from their point of view. The outer burrow has several inches of water in the bottom; the roofed lodge is, no doubt, partly made to get a higher level for the floor.

Now that the ostriches and storks have good modern houses provided for them at the Zoo, is it not time that the noblest of all birds, the eagles, should have better accommodation? The eagles and lammergeyers, in their large open aviary, after the long wet nights of the last day of September and the first of October were in a miserable condition, with wet drabbed feathers and plumage. There is no roof to their cage. The only shelter is a row of shallow niches in the back wall. All the floor is concrete, covered after such a night with damp and wet. The dates of the arrival of the birds show how short their life in the Zoo is—the result of bad housing. When we know that, properly sheltered by a roof, and with good shell-gravel floors to their cages, eagles will live to be thirty years old, and even older, as is the case in Lord Lilford's collection, it is scarcely humane to mew them in such wretched quarters as they have in Regent's Park.

A clever writer can be exhilarating even when he deals with the gloomiest subject. Such is the sentiment which flows from the pen after reading an article on the plague at Oporto by the special correspondent of the *Times* in Tuesday's issue. The point of the article is that the plague is not in the least likely to visit the British Isles, and that it will not much matter if it does. But it is in his digressions, like the author of *Tristram Shandy*, that the correspondent adds to the gaiety of nations. Our public sanitation, our high standard of living, will be our salvation, not our personal cleanliness as a nation. This last is a fond delusion. "When we are clean, no people are so clean, but when we are dirty we are dirtier than anybody else. That dreadful smell of humanity, which is caused by the retention of bodily refuse on the surface of the skin, is almost peculiar to our country, and it pervades the persons and still more the homes of the great mass of our urban population. In this respect the Portuguese, even in Oporto, are immeasurably cleaner. They do not affect the bath, but they are great people for washing clothes—their laundry work is beautiful—and the poorest wear linen next the skin and wash it religiously every week. This is really a cleaner habit than washing the skin and wearing dirty clothes, as the Russians do. Our own dirty classes wash neither clothes nor skin. The Portuguese are also much cleaner and neater in their housework than we are, and indeed there are very few nations that are not. If liability to plague depended on these things, we should stand a poor chance." It is a chastening passage; but it is undeniably amusing.

At Radyr, a village not far from Cardiff, a villager has raised a novel point of law before that very "common-sensible" Judge Owen, who is the Cadi under the palm tree, or, in other words, the local County Court judge. The said villager has applied for an injunction to prevent his neighbour from keeping bees, and the neighbour has offered to accept an injunction restraining him from keeping bees "so as to become a nuisance," and the County Court judge has refused to grant any injunction at all, asking how on earth he was to enforce it. So runs the report, but the odds are that the truth is that the County Court judge did not think the plaintiff had made out a substantial case, for there would really be several ways of enforcing the injunction. Some of them, of course, might be fatal to the bees. But, in a stronger case, we should be inclined to offer our respectful sympathy to the first villager, and to suggest that the talk about the "inalienable right of the rural Englishman to keep bees in his back garden" is what the Duke of Argyll calls clap-trap. It is a question of locality, in the first place, and Radyr is not very rural. In the second place it is worth remembering that some of the species of bees which have been imported of recent years come from abroad. They are small things, of course, but they may cause a good deal of pain.

The season has brought many weather wonders—droughts, floods, the lowest Nile on record, earthquakes on an abnormal scale in India—and now it has capped them all by a good fall of snow in Melbourne. We are told that the citizens were quite alarmed for awhile, but the more active portion of the population quickly recovered sufficiently to engage in the unusual pastime of snowballing, for which they seem to have shown an instinctive aptitude to be commended to the students of heredity. *Bon chien chasse de race.*

The correspondence which has followed the disclosures in the *Field* of the great scale on which the sale of stolen partridge

eggs is conducted by certain game farms shows the dimensions to which this form of theft has grown. It is now certain that over a large area of England the labourers and shepherds are tempted to steal partridge eggs, and that there is an "underground" organisation for their collection and sale. Public lands as well as private properties are robbed. The Hon. Gerald Lascelles writes that he has personal knowledge that the keeper of a large landowner in an adjacent county stayed a fortnight in the New Forest "to make his arrangements" for a supply of eggs, which would be stolen from the Forest. A practical suggestion is that game farms should be licensed like public-houses. The simile is not needed. When game was first allowed to be sold in shops a licence was insisted on, for exactly the same purpose, except that it was to prevent the sale of poached game instead of stolen eggs.

A DAY IN NORFOLK.

THE pictures, exquisite from the artistic point of view, and admirably correct in the sporting sense, upon which this article is founded, are of a character to appeal to a very wide class of men, and for that matter of women also, who shoot. It is sad, but it is unfortunately true also, that there are many thoroughly good sportsmen and deadly shots who rarely have the opportunity of enjoying a really big day with the grouse, the partridges, or the pheasants. Against those big days there is not a word to be said. They are the very richest cream of sport, and the silly outcry of ignorant persons against them, the allegations of butchery and the like, are pretty completely silenced in these days; but they do not come to the lot of all of us, for more than one reason. Look at the brief lists of the house parties for the "big shoot" at this great house and that, compare them one with another, and you will find the same names crop up over and over

A correspondent writes from Norwich: "Your protest against the killing of the demoiselle crane at Brancaster is much needed, especially in this county, where rarities of bird life have been so long the object of gunners and naturalists, that the new idea of keeping rare birds alive and wild, instead of in glass cases, has to struggle against the ancient and inbred desire to kill and collect them. There are some five birds—the black tern, avocet, ruff, bittern, and spoonbill—which once nested in Norfolk, and which we are most anxious to induce to return and breed. If the first-comers are shot, as this crane was, this will never take place. The spoonbill has been well protected on Breydon Water. Altogether in the last twelve summers ninety-three spoonbills have been seen on Breydon, and, thanks to the vigilance of the watcher, nearly all have escaped the gun."



W. A. Rouch.

THE START: A BEAUTIFUL MORNING.

Copyright—"C.L."

again. Without any express agreement or understanding between the owners of extensive partridge manors or first-rate coverts, there is, as a matter of fact, a regular interchange of shooting hospitalities amongst them. To adopt the style of that very lucid writer Euclid, let X be a large landed proprietor, keen on shooting, and regarding the use of a mere pair of guns as antediluvian child's play. Long before the invitation has reached him

he knows that towards the end of October he is sure to be partridge-shooting at Y's place, that in late November or December he will be with Z, that P is among those who delay their covert-shooting to the latest possible moment, and he knows, to a guest or two, whom he will meet at the various houses. In a word, the work at the big shoots is done by a comparatively small set, or rather by a number of comparatively small sets, who overlap one another a little. Moreover, there is



W. A. Rouch.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR A DRIVE.

Copyright—"C.L."

no denying the fact that, partly by reason of the development of the system of tips, participation in big shoots is a luxury beyond the reach of many very warrantable sportsmen and well-born men of moderate income. They may be free from all the expense of game preservation, they may not own or lease so much as an acre of land, they may be the most enthusiastic and workmanlike of shots, but the expense of a week's visit for shooting is prohibitory for them.

It is to such men that it is an unmixed blessing that the kingdom is plentifully provided with manors such as that with which these pictures are concerned. It is at Geldeston in Norfolk, some three miles from Beccles, and it consists of some 700 acres of land, with a sample of nearly everything except moorland to delight the heart of the sportsman. There is arable, which is the first essential. Many things are said and written, with much wisdom, no doubt, on the rearing of partridges and the stocking of neglected estates, but the hard experience of this particular writer is that with anything approaching to care partridges and corn always go together, and that you never find the one very far away from the other. The next essential is covert, which, in the southern and middle counties of England, is the greatest of all difficulties. True it is that there are always roots, or at any rate fields devoted to the cultivation of swedes, mangels, potatoes, or kohl-rabi. There is mustard and lucerne, sainfoin and clover too; but a malignant fate pursues the covert which rejoices the sportsman's heart early in the year. The roots are generally a failure, partial or complete. Prolonged drought, the mysterious fly, one or other of the thousand evils to which turnips are heirs, make havoc, and there are patches of earth, brown, or red, or



W. A. Rouch.

BREECH OPEN, CROSSING A HEDGE.

Copyright—"C.L."

yellow, or white, where the whole surface of the ground should have a green or glaucous veil. That has not happened at Geldeston, as one of the pictures plainly shows; but it has happened in far too many places. Then it is an unhappy truth that the needs of the farmer do not always follow the desire of the sportsman, and that the covert grows less and less accordingly. There is no *malice prepense* in nine cases out of ten; but sheep and cattle must be

fed, or they will die. The beautiful patches of clover, in which the birds of a broken covert would have lain so close, and from which they would have risen singly, are fed down; the lucerne, the sainfoin, and the mustard vanish, and the worse the



W. A. Rouch.

THE LEFT-HAND GUN WAITING.

Copyright—"C.L."

roots are the more rapidly do these auxiliaries disappear. That owner of shooting, therefore, is most fortunate who can rely upon natural covert; and in this respect the five guns who went shooting on Geldeston a few weeks ago were particularly fortunate.

They had hill-ground as well as arable, and on the higher land was that rough grass which makes grand lying for partridges, and they had that inestimable treasure, a tract of marshland lying along the river Waveney, and adjoining the estate which boasts the possession of "The House on the Marsh." The phrase "inestimable treasure" has been applied to the marsh in the most deliberate manner. Marshland, mixed with arable, is without price. There is always covert in it. Birds always make for it. It holds them when they are there; and when you walk it for the partridges it is poor luck indeed if you do not find other things also, and the charm of variety in the bag, added to a sufficient quantity



W. A. Rouch.

TOO FAR?

Copyright—"C.L."



W. A. Rouch.

MARK OVER!

Copyright—"C.L."

of the main objects of the day's sport, must be felt to be understood. These words are written with memories of Anglesey shooting, where there is precisely this mixture, fresh in mind, although they are really quite ancient. There, always, there was great joy over those entries in the game book which came under the heading "miscellaneous"; and no doubt there was joy at Geldeston when to a substantial bag of partridges and hares a landrail, a golden plover, and a leash of snipe were added.

It is no part of the present purpose to tell the story of a modest day from end to end or in minute detail, to record how A was off his day, or B was on his, and given to the wiping of eyes, how C made a wondrous long shot, or D scored his deft right and left. One can follow the day and understand how entirely delightful it was without that. One sees the start in the picture. It was obviously a beautiful morning, it was in late September, and a high wind was blowing. "Birds are sure to be wild," one sturdy sportsman is certain to be saying to the other, "and they will come over at a rare bat." For driving was to be the order of the day, and when the Norfolk partridge, or, for that matter, any other, is driven on a rough day he goes parlous fast, and there is a deal of room round him. Shot, however, go ever so much faster, which is a comfort to the gun if not to the partridges. So, now behind this hedge, now behind that, the manœuvres of the beaters being directed with skill and judgment, our friends lay in ambush for the merry brown birds; and our artist, who is as good a sportsman as he is photographer, has certainly been exceptionally successful in catching a series of typical scenes, from which a consecutive story may be read. We see the start. The guns are looking a trifle thoughtful, as well they may. Shooting is not going to be child's play. We see the preparations for a drive, keeper and master in earnest consultation, the guests listening, the keeper with outstretched arm making all things clear. The importance of clear directions, and of seeing that they are understood, is not, it is to be feared, sufficiently realised even on the best regulated shoots, and directions which cannot be followed without local knowledge are too often given to those who come from a far country. The guns disperse each to his allotted place, and one of them crossing a hedge illustrates a favourite fad of the present writer. If, shooting with a hammer gun, it is worth while to take precautions against an accidental discharge, it is also worth while to open the breech and take out the cartridges. Next we see the left-hand gun waiting, patient but alert. A bird swings over

every bird that fell to his master's gun, always anxious to be of service, but never moving until he is ordered, a model result of firm but kindly discipline. So the day wears on, with a pleasant interlude of luncheon and tobacco, and at last the autumn light begins to fade. What are the results of the day's hardy sport? Twenty-seven and a-half brace of partridges—quite an imposing array as they are laid out; five hares, one for each gun; a landrail, very toothsome, but it must be cooked soon; a golden plover, a treat to an epicure, but let it not be overdone; and a leash of snipe. Sixty-five head, all told, which means plenty of shooting for everyone.

Our Portrait Illustration.

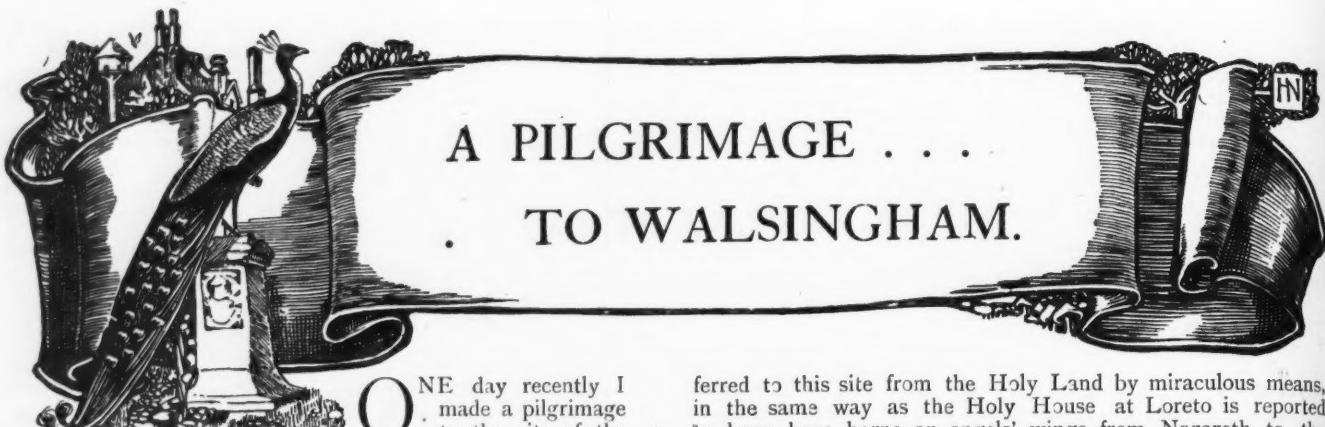
THE MARQUISE D'HAUTPOUL—she was married to the Marquis in 1891—belongs to one of the old Roman Catholic families of England. Well known formerly as the Hon. Julia Caroline Stonor, she is the aunt of the present Lord Camoys, and was raised to the rank of a Baron's daughter in 1881. Of her brothers the Hon. Henry Julian is a Gentleman Usher to the Queen and a Groom-in-Waiting to the Prince of Wales, and the Hon. Edward Alexander is a Clerk in the House of Lords. Her uncle, Monsignor Stonor, is Archbishop of Trebizond, and was Chamberlain to Pius IX. Her kinsman, Judge Stonor, is a well-known County Court judge. The Stonors trace their pedigree from Sir Thomas de Camoys, who commanded the left wing of the English Army at Agincourt.



W. A. Rouch.

"GOOD DOG!"

Copyright—"C.L."



ONE day recently I made a pilgrimage to the site of the shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham, the Lourdes of Northern Europe during some six centuries previous to the Reformation. The magnificent east window of the Priory Church, the sole relic of its former grandeur, stood out in bold relief against a clear blue sky and a background of autumn-tinted trees. The beauty of so typical an English landscape was still further enhanced by a rippling trout stream, which, after meandering down a hillock, broadened into a kind of lake, upon whose bosom the glowing foliage was reflected as in a silver mirror.

Walsingham Priory, which belonged to the Canons of the Augustinian Order, like most of the ecclesiastical edifices in Norfolk, was originally built in the Norman style of architecture. It formed a quadrangle having a central chapel, and must, in its halcyon days, have looked not unlike some of the larger colleges at Oxford. The greater part of the nave in all probability remained undisturbed down to the time of the Dissolution, but the choir and the side-chapels were rebuilt in the thirteenth century in the early Perpendicular style. Erasmus tells us in his "Pilgrimages" that the church was "exceedingly elegant"; but, like the loyal Dutchman he was, he hastens to add, "but not so fair nor so large as Our Lady's Chapel in Antwerp."

It was not to the Priory Church, however, that the pilgrims, who included most of our kings and queens, from Edward I. down to Henry VIII. and Catharine of Aragon, flocked, but to an isolated chapel some sojourns, or so distant from its eastern façade. This chapel is supposed by some to have been trans-

ferred to this site from the Holy Land by miraculous means, in the same way as the Holy House at Loreto is reported to have been borne on angels' wings from Nazareth to the Umbrian Hills; and the legend regarding Walsingham, say these self-same good people, clearly owes its origin to the Italian one. But this is not so, for the vision directing the Widow



THE EAST WINDOW OF THE PRIORY CHURCH.

Rychold de Favanches to found the priory at Walsingham, commemorating the house at Nazareth in which Christ passed his childhood, appeared to her in the year 1161—that is to say, nearly 200 years before the Loreto legend was thought of.

On the completion of the building, Geoffry de Favanches proceeded on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Before his departure he "granted to God, St. Mary, and to Edwy, his clerk, the chapel which his mother Rychold had built at Walsingham, together with other possessions, to the intent that the said Edwy should found a priory there." This Edwy did, and he became its first prior. The original chapel, Erasmus assures us, was built of lath and plaster, in imitation of an Eastern house of the humbler sort. In the course of time a magnificent edifice rose over it, so as to enclose it, as it were, in a casket. This building could not, however, have been completed at the time of the Reformation, for, to quote the Dutch philosopher once more, "it was without windows and doors, and open to the winds of heaven."

The number of pilgrims attending the feasts of the Annunciation, Assumption and Nativity, and Conception of B.V.M. was enormous. They came not only from this country, but from all parts of Europe, and masses were said daily in the little chapel before the image of the Virgin from the early hours of the morning until noon. On entering the chapel the pilgrims found themselves in semi-darkness, in an



THE OLD PUMP.



THE MANOR HOUSE AT EAST BARSHAM.

atmosphere heavily laden with incense, and lighted by innumerable tapers they beheld the miracle-working image, the "Parathalassian (or Seaside) Virgin" of Erasmus, all bejewelled with priceless diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls.

Those pilgrims who came from the North of Europe—from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland—landed either at Wells or Lynn, crossed the Wash near Long Sutton, proceeded by boat to St. Edmund's Chapel, near Hunstanton, and thence followed the footpath which runs to Castle Acre Priory. This path is still in many places to be seen, and is even now known as the Walsingham Greenway, and the Palmers' Way.

It was the habit for the kings and queens of England in pre-Reformation times to visit Walsingham on occasions of national rejoicings. Thus we find Henry V. came to Walsingham on his return from Agincourt; Henry VII. and Queen Elizabeth of York also paid their devotions before the miracle-working image for the cessation of the terrible Wars of the Roses. Here, too,

in 1514, came Queen Catharine of Aragon to return thanks for the successful issue of the battle of Flodden. It is said over 100,000 pilgrims followed in her train, and the services were of several days' duration. The Queen lodged at Barsham Manor House, about a mile and a-half distant, and her departure in the early hours of the morning to pay her devotions to the Madonna must have been an extremely picturesque sight, accompanied as she was by a numerous train of knights and

ladies, who all walked barefooted over the uneven road. It has been said that it was before this very shrine, and on this occasion, that the ill-fated Queen first met the equally ill-fated Anne Boleyn, who, with her parents, was also making the pilgrimage; but what truth there is in this statement is not known. When the pilgrims came in sight of the chapel they were wont to light their tapers, sink down on to their knees, and chant their Ave Marias. Those who had been to Rome and Compostella, in Spain, were distinguished by wearing an scallop shell in their hats or on their cloaks, in memory of the fishermen Apostles Peter and James. Palmers from Palestine carried palm branches; but the ordinary English pilgrims who had not wandered farther from home than to St. Thomas's at Canterbury, St. William at Lincoln, or to "Cuthbert's" in Durham, were recognised by the tinkling of their "Canterbury bells," which were fastened to the tips of their staves.

Although undoubtedly the greater number of them were sincere in their devotions, there were some among the pilgrims who looked upon a pilgrimage as a sort of holiday excursion. These latter sometimes allowed their frolicsome spirits to overflow, and the local records of the times are full of edicts against "the licentious songs sung by naughty pilgrims," and we have frequent mention of squabbles in the hostleries at Walsingham where they put up.

Sovereigns and other notables who came to Walsingham with courtly train were usually



ENTRANCE TO THE MANOR HOUSE.

entertained at the priory itself; but the Tudors, for some reason or other, generally passed the night at Barsham, the ruins of which noble mansion are amongst the most interesting in East Anglia.

The holy image, I am assured, was of wood, and represented Our Lady with the Divine Child in her arms. It was not very large, and both Personages were black. "Nigra sum sed formosa" was the legend under the sacred figure. It wore a golden crown and a wide-spreading cape glittering with gems, and in every respect resembled the numerous similar and very ancient images in the Flemish and Italian churches.

The ultimate fate of the image of Our Lady at Walsingham was that of many another of its kind. It was burnt by order of Henry VIII. at Chelsea. Pending this decision, Bishop



THE FONT IN WALSHAM CHURCH.

Latimer wrote the following letter on the subject to the Lord Privy Seal :

"I trust your Lordship will bestow our gret Sibyl to sum good purpose, *ut periat memoria cum soniter*. She hath byn the Devyll's instrument to bryng many (I feere) to eternal fyre, now she heresylf, with here old syster of Walsyngham, her younge syster of Ipswych, with ther other too systurs of Donycaster and Penryess, wold make a jooly muster in Smythfield. They wold natt be all day in burnynage."

The Wishing Wells, three in number, are close by the chapel. Their waters were once believed to possess miraculous qualities, not unlike those attributed to the pool at Lourdes. They were sovereign, we are assured, for "ills of the stomach, diseases of the eyes, sores, ulcers," and various other aches, pains, and maladies to which the human frame is subject. Lepers and others suffering from infectious diseases were not allowed to bathe in these wells for fear of contaminating them; in their case the waters were poured over their naked bodies in bucketfuls. Over the wells was originally a thatched wooden shed, which, so the legend ran, had also been miraculously placed there.

Round the sides of this hut were hung *ex votos*, in the shape of crutches and reproductions in wax, silver, and even gold, of arms, legs, eyes, breasts, fingers, and various other parts of the bodies of grateful pilgrims which had been healed by the beneficent qualities of the holy waters.

Of the church, as I have already stated, the east window alone remains. The tracery is gone, but the stupendous arch is perfect. Judging from the view of the church contained in the seal, which is still preserved, the principal door was flanked by two small towers, and in all probability another square tower rose over the centre of the church, as in the case of Ely Cathedral. To the left were the cloisters, and close by the refectory, which contains the magnificent Perpendicular window,

recently restored. Here I was able, for the first time, to see a perfect specimen of an old refectory pulpit, and the original buttery hatch is also still visible in the south wall. The crypt, or cellar, under the southern part of the dormitory, is perfect, and had its entrance, now blocked up, on the east side. The chapter house and the rest of the monastic buildings in this vicinity have long disappeared. Mr. Lee-Warner, an enlightened local archæologist, was, however, able to trace the foundations with sufficient clearness to mark on his admirable plan of the monastery as it was before the Reformation. Here and there in the gardens you stumble upon relics of the past. In the shrubbery I noticed an exquisite little piece of carving representing the Crucifixion—possibly a part of the font, and closely resembling that on the superb font which stands in the parish church.

I must not forget to relate a striking legend in connection with the Knight's Gate. The story runs that in 1314 a certain "Sir Raaf Bontetory, armed *cap-à-pie*, being pursued by a cruel enemy, made full speed for the chapel, and, invoking Our Lady's help, he immediately found himself and his horse within the priory, and safe in the Sanctuary." The gate through which the knight passed still stands, overgrown with ivy and other creepers—a delightful lovers' bower.

In the old town, too, are still standing numerous inns which probably have been but little altered since the days of the pilgrims, and the fine conduit in the market-place is the best specimen of its kind handed down to us from mediæval times.

In conclusion, I beg to tender my grateful thanks to the Rev. W. Martin, rector of East Barsham, who has so kindly supplied me with the delightful photographs, taken expressly for this article.

RICHARD DAVEY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WATER-BAILIFF.

V.—OTTERS AND FISII.

"OTTERS are not so plentiful in the Broadland now as they used to be, but you hear of their being taken now and again, the latest instance that has come to my notice being that of a fourteen-pound one captured in the Gipping in March of this year (1899). Otters don't often escape long after they have once been seen anywhere. I have taken a dozen altogether, the largest weighing twenty-seven and a-half pounds, and the smallest seven pounds. I got a twenty-seven-pounder one day about twenty yards from my houseboat; I set a steel-fall trap for it just under water. About half the specimens I have taken I shot; the rest I trapped. I have often come across traces of them on the river banks, and I have heard a good many more otters than I have seen. One night about ten o'clock I was standing against a marsh stile when I saw something that I at first mistook for a hare coming over the 'wall.' It turned out to be an otter, and, having a gun with me, I fired at it and hit it. I thought I had killed it outright, but it got away up a dyke, and as it was night I had a rare job to find it. Once I crossed the dyke because I saw something dark on the other side, but what I saw was a mole-heap. I found the otter at last lying dead on the ice in the dyke.

"I shan't soon forget the first otter I trapped, for it taught me to be very careful how near I went to such creatures; it bit a piece off a thick pole I had in my hand. I have seen a trapped otter make off with a trap and chain, and nearly reach the river with them, but I managed to get both otter and trap into a sack and carry them home with me. As I happened to know a man wanted one just then to preserve, I tried not to damage it more than I could help, and when I got home I tried to kill it by hanging it, first with a piece of rope, and then with a copper-wire snare. It didn't seem any good trying to do for it like that, and at last I was obliged to knock it on the head with a stick and then hang it. There were three or four other men in the shed with me when I set about killing it, and it flew about after us with the trap hanging to it, so that we had to keep a sharp lookout to see that it did not bite us. It was very savage.

"I recollect a curious thing happening once when I laid out an eel-line. When I went in the morning to get in the line I couldn't find it anywhere, and I accused a man whom I knew had seen me lay it out of taking it. He denied having done so, and I couldn't think where it had gone, for no wherry had passed during the night that might have dragged it away from where I put it. At last I found it on the bank, and from its appearance I knew that an otter had drawn it out of the water and eaten two eels off the hooks. Otters are fonder of bream, however, than they are of eels; but they are wasteful eaters, for I have seen bream lying on the river banks with only one mouthful bitten out of their backs. In winter, when the rivers are covered with ice, otters will often dive through the ice to get the fish, and you may see the holes where they have gone in and

come out again. I knew a man who nearly shot an old fisherman whom he took to be an otter on account of a fur cap he was wearing. The fisherman was in his boat, which was drawn up close to the ron, and only his fur cap was to be seen above the young reeds and sedge. The gunner didn't see what he was aiming at until just as he was going to fire.

"I was talking about bream. The bream we get out of the rivers about here are of a much better quality than those which are imported in large quantities from Holland and sold in London. Some places, however, such as Flixton Decoy, are overstocked with them, and as a consequence the big ones are often little better than skeletons. Marshmen sometimes dydle bream out of the mud at the bottom of dykes. I like to see these fish come up the fleet in which my houseboat is moored. The best time to watch for them is in spring, when they are spawning, for then, at dusk and when the tide is falling, you may see a shoal of them come up out of the bracky water of the river to clean themselves in the fresh water which flows through the sluice out of the dyke. The surface of the water at such times is covered with bursting air-bubbles, which rise when the fish push their noses into the mud at the bottom of the fleet.

"If you're not in a hurry I can tell you a queer story about an owl. It was a barn-owl, and it used to come out of a wood at night to steal the young pheasants that were being reared in a keeper's coops. It had a clever way of going to work to get the young birds. It would fly down and knock against the back of a coop, so as to frighten the brood out on to the grass in front of it; then it would swoop down and carry one off into the wood. One night the keeper and I lay in wait for the thief, hiding ourselves near the coops. Presently we heard a bit of a commotion among the pheasants, and thought a stoat or a weasel must have got in among them; so we went to look. While I was stooping down against a coop I felt something hit against my back, and when I looked round the keeper had knocked down the owl with a stick. It had made a mistake, and taken my back for a pheasant coop.

"Yes, it's a rough life a man has to lead out on the rivers, especially in winter; but somehow, when you've been at it all your life you get a kind of liking for it. It's the cold in winter that is the worst thing you have to put up with. I can remember how, one night, I and one of my boys crouched against the brick wall of a pumping mill, because the mill had been working during the day, and the bricks were still a bit warm. That night was a regular freezer; my beard was frozen so stiff that I could break the ice in it in my fingers. On another bitter cold night I was offered half-a-crown for all the fish I should take, and I was half inclined to close with the offer; but as it happened I did very well that night, and made two pounds eighteen shillings by my catch.

"Grey mullet? There are grey mullet enough in Oulton Broad, but you can't catch them, neither with a net nor bait. I've seen as many as sixty of them jump over a net one after the other, and I've known one to spring right over a boat from which I was fishing. I should like to know a bait they will take.

"There are plenty more subjects I could tell you something about, especially relating to my experiences as a water-bailiff. I don't have much trouble as a rule with poachers when I catch them on the water, for they know that that is my preserve, but they have threatened me when I have been on land. A man once threatened to

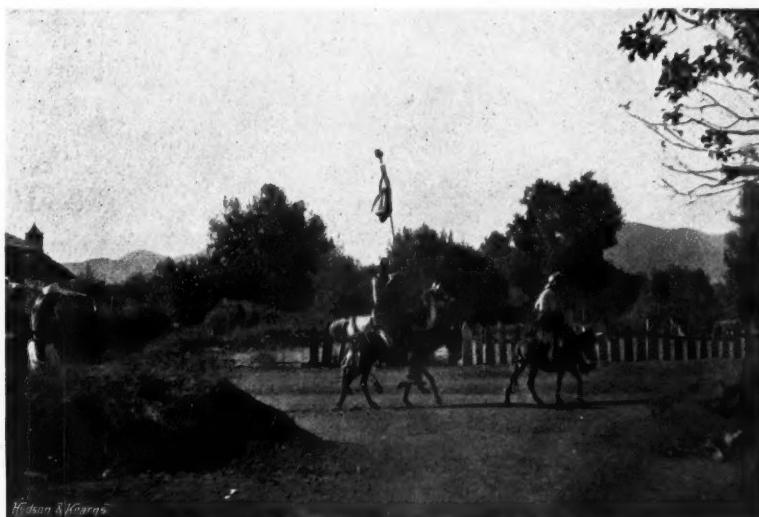
split my head in two if I interfered with him, and he didn't quite know what to make of it when I told him I should have two heads then instead of one. When I met the same man on the river he hadn't a word to say against me. I make no distinction between people whom I catch doing what they ought not to do, though I always treat everyone with due respect. Once I rather surprised a clergyman by telling him he was breaking the law when he took his line off the rod and began fishing with it over the side of his boat. When I first began my duties as a water-bailiff, I told my sons that if I caught them poaching I should treat them just the same as I would any other offender. Good-bye; I'm glad to have had this talk with you. Some people I can talk to, others I can't. That's the worst of never having been taught to read or write."

WILLIAM A. DUTT.

[THE END.]

Fatima's Wedding.

FATIMA sat at the window of her father's house—we called it a hut, but she would have had no idea that it was to be named by any title that argued disrespect for it as a residence—and looked out of the peep-hole in her veil; that is all which Oriental custom and jealousy permit a woman to show any other man than her husband. She looked out on a very brightly sunlit little street, running down between the rows of huts, with palm trees here and there; occasionally a cur, skulking, mangy, and ashamed, for these, with the vultures, were the village scavengers. It had no others, and was guiltless of drains or any sanitary system; but it was happy in not knowing the lack of these good Western things, and in spite of odours the children grew and prospered — Fatima amongst them. Yet when any of the Western visitors that often came to the village drank of the water from the village well they nearly always died of the fever. But it did the village people themselves not a mite o f. h a r m. T h e i r systems were inocu-



THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION.



THE BRIDAL GIFTS.

lated, and the microbe of typhoid could get no honest living off them.

Fatima was still scarcely more than a child, though she had been given that garb of grown-up young maidenhood which corresponds with the taking-up of the hair and letting down the skirts among Western people. She looked out into the hot glary street, which did not strike her as particularly hot or glary—although the glare made a peculiarly distressing form of ophthalmia very common—for her whole little life had been spent here, and she had known nothing less hot or less glary. There was not much of interest in the street—some children were playing, and sending up a low monotonous chant the while, very

much more quiet at their play than Western children. Two camels passed with their drivers, and that was quite an occasion for excitement.

Presently someone came down the street—a young man, scarcely more than a boy, but boys quickly turn into young men in the East. At the sight of him Fatima drew back out of the full light that came in at the window. She knew who he was, though she had not spoken to him since she had put on the dress of young womanhood, and she knew, too, that he knew her, although only her eyes were visible, for he was, of course,

perfectly acquainted with her father's house. It seemed to her, too, that this young man had passed the house more often lately than his business avocation—the honourable one of carpenter—need have required; and it was this knowledge, perhaps, that caused her to draw back into the shadow as soon as she caught sight of him. He turned his head once or twice towards the house, then quickly turned it away again, as if he would like to see more of the white ghost vanishing into the darkness, but dared not look too hard. After he had passed the girl went away from the window, as if she had no further interest in the affairs of the street, and went about her work in the house.

This is the way that love-making is done in the East. It may not seem very satisfying, but it has the sanction of immemorial custom. After all, it is the only way they know, so they make no trouble about it—trouble, moreover, which it would be in vain to make. It is not the fashion of the Oriental to fight against the inevitable; and perhaps the justification of it all is that the love thus made is of as good a wearing quality as much Western love. The duties of spouses are differently conceived, no doubt, but they are about as faithful to their ideals in the East as in the West, such as their ideals are.

One day Mesroud—for that was the young man's name—came to her father's house, and there he stayed with him a long while smoking and drinking coffee. Fatima knew what the meaning of that was, and her heart beat rather hard the while she knew him to be in the house. She sat at the window looking to see him come out, and this time she saw the street, though in reality empty of all but the sunshine and dust, invaded by THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION in her honour. She saw in her mind's eye the camels pass along with BRIDAL GIFTS on either side their humps; THE BRIDE-GROOM himself on his fine horse; THE BRIDES-MAIDS in single file on their ponies; and, not least important person of them all, herself, THE BRIDE, thus splendidly conducted to her future home. All these things passed through Fatima's mind, and she saw them all very clearly. Presently Mesroud came out from the house and went along the road, not forgetting his glance up at the window. But this time she was afraid of him, and would not look out, keeping herself back



THE BRIDE-GROOM.

was perfectly proper and regular for all that, and Fatima was married to Mesroud, and the camels with their burdens, the bride-groom on his steed, the bridesmaids, the bride, and the whole procession went their way along the street exactly as Fatima had foreseen as she sat and watched by the window.

And therewith it is not possible but that she must vanish from the sight of Western eyes, and even from the sight of all masculine Oriental eyes, too, save her husband's. We may suppose that she was bored or that she was happy, found marriage a failure or a success, according to our disposition and general views of life, but it is probable that she attained quite as much of her heart's desire as falls to the lot of nine out of ten Western maidens when they marry.



THE BRIDES-MAIDS.

is, according to the belief of most people, necessary for the well-being of trout, except in the case of lakes. Large lakes, or indeed natural lakes of any kind, are practically non-existent in the South of England, and therefore fishermen seek for trout only in streams and rivers.

There are, however, very many ponds in the Southern Counties eminently suitable for trout, and in which trout introduced would certainly thrive. I know, also, several ponds where trout are numerous and thrive well, and where there is no record of their having been introduced.

For the common trout to thrive and multiply it is certainly necessary that a stream running into the pond should exist, but the smallest possible stream is all that is necessary. For the last seventeen or eighteen years I have fished for, and caught, trout in a series of ponds at Heathfield, in Sussex, which are fed by a stream which runs almost dry



THE BRIDE.

Oct. 14th, 1899.]

the room,
ing her
t he had
Mesroud
his wife,
question
agreeable
urse as a
s a little
ot enter
ation of
e, and
ot have
he been
matter.
e much
eligious
the cred
atima's
had no
eligious
clearly
place.
ceding
ma was
the bride
the whole
ma had
sat and
window.
th it is
hat she
he sight
nd even
all mas
ves, too,
s. We
she was
he was
marriage a
ess, ac
position
of life,
that she
much of
as falls
ine out
maidens

ut.

fancy,
larly
fisher
connects
as and
water
for the
akes, or
stent in
ut only
rivers.
er, very
n the
s emi
trout,
trout i
cer
know,
where
us and
where
of their
duced.
n trout
iply it
try that
nto the
ut the
stream
cessary.
een
I have
ught,
ponds
ussex,
stream
t dry

every summer, and quite dry
in many years, yet there are
always trout in these ponds.
I know the history of these
ponds for the last twenty-five
years, and no trout have ever
been put into them, yet one
constantly catches little finger-
lings, which must have been
born and bred in them.

If my reader happens to
be a fly-fisherman, he will
probably think that though
trout may exist in ponds they
will not give the same sport as
river trout; half the pleasure of
fishing will be lost if the fish
will not rise to the fly; the
trout will not fight, and all the
charming surroundings, includ-
ing the pleasant difficulties of
river and stream fishing, will
be lacking in pond fishing.

Let him disabuse his mind
of these ideas. The accompa-
nying illustration shows the spot
where some years ago I killed
a 3lb. and a 1½lb. trout in the
same evening with the fly.
Balancing oneself on the end
of the penstock (which is used
to let the water out of the
pond in flood-time), and casting
out in such a manner as to avoid
getting hung up in the trees,
was quite a difficult enough job to satisfy the aspirations of
most fishermen, particularly as it was necessary to get out a good
15yds. of line. This illustration, to my mind, shows that quite as
lovely surroundings are possible to a pond as to a stream or
river. The pond trout, too, played splendidly, and took a fly well.
Until about nine years ago it was supposed to be impossible to
catch the trout with a fly in the ponds of which illustrations are
given, and I believe that I was the first who attempted to do so—
trout had always been caught with a worm; but now those who
fish there almost invariably use the fly, as it generally produces a
better result than the worm.



WHERE TWO BIG TROUT WERE KILLED.

The flies which seem to do best in pond fishing are rather
large loch flies. Of course they are used wet, being allowed to
sink a few inches below the surface and then drawn through the
water in little jerks. The Heckham-peckham, the Zulu, red and
teal, green and teal, and large Wickham are about the most
successful patterns. The loch fly with which I have had the
greatest success in ponds is a Heckham-peckham which I
dressed myself. The wings of the usual white-tipped mallard;
body, scarlet wool ribbed with broad gold tinsel; tail, golden
pheasant crest, not tippet, and red hackle. The imitation corixa
is the most successful fly all round that I have used in ponds.

Fishing from the shore, particularly in a pond of not more
than a couple of acres, is much more likely to be successful than
fishing from a boat. The large trout generally choose some cosy
nook near the bank under a tree, and this is better fished from
the bank than from a boat.

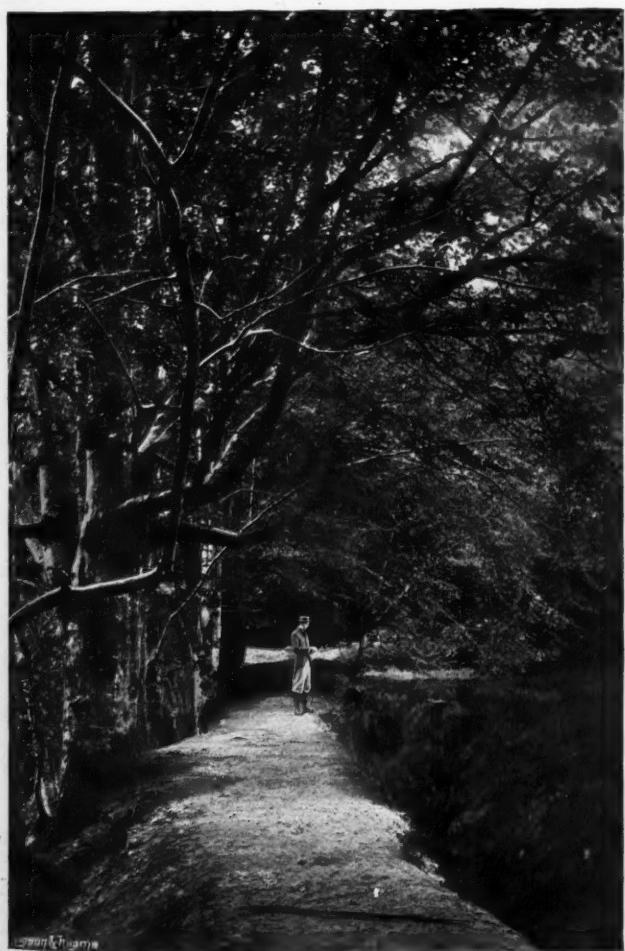
In speaking of stocking ponds with trout where trout have
not before been found, I am speaking from personal experience.
The accompanying illustrations show views of a pond where
trout were introduced in a very small way some eight years ago,
where my father and I caught over 300 trout the year before last
by the middle of July. The most important things to bear in
mind when stocking a pond with trout are the presence of other
fish, the supply of food for trout, the supply of water, and manage-
ment of weeds.

It is very often possible to almost empty a pond, and if pike
and perch are in the pond it is advisable to do this and to destroy
them. Other fish, such as roach and rudd, will not do any harm,
and their fry will supply the trout with food. Other food will,
however, be necessary, and to ensure a good supply of food
suitable weeds are necessary. Rapidly-growing weeds, such as
anacharis, should be avoided, but suitable weeds, as water-
lakewort and water-lovelia for deep water and water-plantain
and water-celery for the margins, should be cultivated. They
can be obtained easily from any of the many fish cultural
establishments. Shell fish, such as the Limnæa and snails, should
be introduced, and any other aquatic creatures serving as food for
trout which are likely to thrive, particularly crustaceans.

As I have already said, only a small water supply is
necessary; naturally, however, a large stream running into a
pond is better than a small stream. Weeds are sometimes a
great nuisance, particularly if such a weed as anacharis gets a
foothing in a pond; but, as a rule, even this can be kept
under. Many people advise putting swans on a pond to get rid of
weeds, but in this case the cure is worse than the ill.

We introduced the pair of swans shown in the illustration
into a pond at home which was choked up during several
months in the year with anacharis. The swans got rid of the
weeds, but they also very nearly got rid of the trout; so in spite of
the additional picturesqueness, they gave to the pond we had to
get rid of them.

In ponds where there is no stream, or where the brown trout
has been tried and found unsuccessful, the rainbow trout will
generally do well. I know of several cases where the rainbow
has thrived in ponds without any stream at all. Those living in



HAS ALWAYS CONTAINED TROUT.



CURSES OF A TROUT POND.

the country, and having a pond with a small stream running into it during the winter and spring, may derive a great deal of pleasure from rearing trout themselves to stock their ponds with; and though they would probably not be successful from a commercial point of view, they would be so from their own point, that is, they would stock their ponds with trout.

CHARLES WALKER.



LILUM SPECIOSUM ALBUM NOVUM.

THIS is a very uncommon variety of the beautiful *L. speciosum*, but in time will become popular, probably thrusting out even the famous Krätscheri from our gardens. The variety album novum has larger and more robust flowers, of the same purity, which last longer when gathered for the house. It is a lovely white late-flowering Lily, and should be grown under glass and in the open border. We noticed it recently in a collection of Lilies shown by Mr. Wallace, of Colchester.

CARYOPTERIS MASTACANTHUS.

At this season of the year, save for the beautiful blue colour of the Ceanothus, there are few shrubs of the same shade as *Caryopteris mastacanthus* in flower. For this reason it is worth growing, and we are pleased to know that an award of merit was given to it recently by the Royal Horticultural Society. Though a native of Japan and China, it is hardy, at least in all ordinary winters, and this year seems to have been favourable to it, as the shoots are covered with pretty blue flower clusters. When in a moderately-sheltered place, not exposed to keen March winds, the plant will develop in time into a bush, 5 ft. or more in height, being a mass of flowers throughout the autumn. This *Caryopteris* is a shrub for warm borders, where the Abelia, Pomegranates, Sweet Verbenas, and similar shrubby things luxuriate. It is a shrub to make note of for the sake of its blue flower clusters.

ZAUSCHNERIA CALIFORNICA ON OLD WALLS.

We were charmed a few days ago with this vermillion-coloured flower perfectly at home in the crevices of an old garden wall. It was as happy there as the Toadflax or the Antirrhinum, the greyish leaves brightened with the vivid flowers, which are borne from the summer until the late autumn. There is a variety called Splendens, which is even freer and brighter than the species. *Z. californica* is, as the name suggests, a native of California, therefore not very hardy, requiring, when planted in the border or rock garden, a warm soil and position, with a slight covering of ashes or some protecting material during hard winters. Wall gardening is seldom practised. Many old walls with deep crevices exist in which this Zauschneria will take root, and add an interesting feature to the place. Its bright colouring is very distinct from that of the usual set of things seen in such positions.

SHRUBBY PLANTS FOR WALLS.

In our visits lately to a few pretty Cornish gardens, we have noticed a wealth of shrubby plants, or climbers, if one may

so call them, in this warm, sunny county. Of course, Devonshire and Cornwall are favoured lands, but many quite hardy shrubs are delightful against an old red-brick wall, whilst the more tender kinds may nestle in the bays. A few of the choicer kinds for this purpose are the following, and as the planting season is near at hand, one should think of purchasing before the winter sets in, at least of the quite hardy kinds:

Abelia triflora, pink sweetly-scented flowers, produced late in the summer. *A. rupestris* is a pretty Chinese shrub.

Abutilon.—The most precious of the Abutilons for a wall is *A. vitifolium*, with its soft lilac flowers, and the variety album. It is, however, tender, and should be put in some sheltered bay in the wall. Many Abutilons will live through the winter in mild climates, Boule d'Or, Boule de Neige, a white variety, and many others.

Aloysia citriodora.—A. citriodora is the old Sweet Verbena or lemon plant, which, when its leaves are bruised, fills the air with a spicy fragrance. Its leafy shoots are gathered for their sweet smell alone, and their fresh green colouring is pleasing. This is a plant for a sheltered sunny wall, and we have seen it several feet high in mild climates. When severe weather is anticipated, cover over the soil above the roots with coal ashes or cocoa-nut fibre refuse. Keen winds are fatal in spring, and for this reason shelter is essential. It is usually near the sea that the Sweet Verbena grows most luxuriantly.

Azara microphylla.—This is easily known by its glossy green leaves. It is worth planting on this account alone, although there is some beauty in the little orange-red berries. Azaras, *A. microphylla* as well as the others, are distinctly not hardy everywhere. They require, in most counties, a warm wall and shelter. Given these, the wiry shoots, glossed over with green foliage, spread out freely.

Camellias.—These cannot, of course, be called shrubby climbers, but they are in many places wall shrubs, leafy, luxuriant, and burdened with flowers in the spring months. The Camellia is far harder than many suppose; the flowers are true, get damaged by late frosts, and the young growth, too, but even without flowers the Camellia is handsome—a luxuriant rounded buxom bush.

Ceanothus.—Few shrub families are more charming in growth and flower than the Ceanothuses. They must have a wall, as a rule, and in this position are delightful, the growth profuse, and the masses of blue flowers are a picture of colour rarely seen. Remember when pruning in the spring, after the time of frost is over, that the little flower clusters appear on the current year's shoots. We have known in London suburbs *C. azureus* to cover the back of a house in one instance, the plant having reached the gables; this in a warm south aspect. The soil must be thoroughly well drained, and even dry. *C. azureus* has several beautiful varieties, Gloire de Versailles being one of the best. *C. Veitchianus*, deep blue, and *C. americanus* are also worth planting.

Chimonanthus fragrans.—This is the deliciously scented Winter Sweet, which flowers in winter, the yellowish bloom and crimson calyx appearing without the leaves. It is a deciduous shrub, but worth planting for its winter flowers alone, which diffuse an agreeable perfume on sunny December and January days when the plant is well placed. It must have a sheltered sunny wall, not for the reason that it is in any degree tender, but when in a measure protected the flowers are shielded from sharp frosts. Seedlings vary considerably, some larger, richer in colour, and more fragrant than others. Grandiflorus is a good form.

Escallonia.—In the mild climate of Devonshire and Cornwall, *E. macrantha* grows in a way never seen in counties further North. It grows to a great height against sunny warm walls, even to the eaves, being brightened throughout the summer and early autumn with rosy flower clusters. It also makes a dense bush, but as a wall covering in the Southern Counties deserves a note. Hedges may be formed of it, too.

Mexican Orange-flower (Choisya ternata).—This is harder than is usually supposed, and need not in every county be grown against a wall. We enjoy, however, its fresh green, glossy leaves, and fragrant flower clusters in this position. When against a warm south wall, and in well-drained soil, it succeeds remarkably well, forming in the course of a few years a bush, the flower clusters scenting the air. The popular name was given because of the form and fragrance of the flowers, reminding one of those of the Orange Blossom.

Fuchsias.—The more tender species are delightful wall shrubs—*F. Riccartoni*, *F. coccinea*, *F. gracilis*, *F. globosa*, *F. corallina*, and others. *F. Riccartoni*



HARDY FLOWERS AND SHRUBS.

Cornwall
last an old
A few of
ng season
n, at least
e summer.
vitifolium,
nder, and
will live
beautiful
t, which,
ay shoots
ouring is
ve seen it
ed, cover
e. Keen
is usually
es. It is
the little
distinctly
d shelter.
ut freely,
but they
owers in
ose ; the
, too, but
om bush.
lower than
osition are
icture of
e time of
s' shoots.
a house in
h aspect.
reus has
best. C.

or Sweet,
ppearing
ts winter
mber and
ed sunny
measure
consider-
andiflorus
acrantha
at height
ghout the
a dense
Hedges
s usually
e enjoy,
position.
remark-
clusters
fragrance
Riccar-
ccartoni

makes a glorious hedge in mild climates, the slender shoots lined with crimson flowers. Where, however, it cannot be trusted in the open, then plant it against a wall, with some of the other species also. Fuchsias are amongst the most beautiful of all shrubby wall plants, continuing for months in flower, and growing vigorously even when cut down to the base by frost. When the climate is very cold, or the winter exceptionally severe, it is wise to place a covering of coal ashes over the roots, as an additional protection. The varieties usually planted out for the summer are not so charming as the species and hybrids, such as Riccartoni, g'obosa, and others of that interesting throng.

Kerria japonica fl.-pl. (the double Jew's Mallow) frequently embowers cottages in golden bloom. It is a brilliant shrub, quite hardy, except in very cold places, and may be grown as a bush, but it has value as a wall covering. The flowers are rich golden colour, and like a rosette in form.

Magnolia grandiflora.—One is so familiar with this shrub for walls that its value as a standard is likely to be overlooked. But in sheltered gardens in the South of England it is seen as a standard. Against warm walls this species will bloom freely, producing those huge creamy flowers so deliciously fragrant and noble in form.

Besides the plants described, the following may be grown in this way : Wistaria, the Chinese Guelder Rose (*Viburnum plicatum*), Pomegranate (shelter), Loquat (warm southern aspect, fine leaves), Indigofera floribunda, Olearia, *Pipanthus nepalensis*, and *Pyrus japonica*.

THE WHITE-STEMMED BRAMBLES.

This group of Brambles is not common in English gardens, but their characteristic white stems are wonderfully effective and distinct. A colony in the moonlight is weird and unusual, especially if the Brambles are thrown into relief by a background of evergreens. One of the most beautiful masses of which we know is in the Royal Gardens, Kew, the plants having been raised from seed about five years ago. The kind represented is *R. biflorus*, and the chief cultural considerations are to give a rich soil and prune every year by cutting down the stems, as vigorous growths are whiter. In a place like Kew, these white-stemmed Brambles, unless vigorously cut back in the way suggested, get sullied by soot and dirt. In the purer air of the country this would not occur to the same extent, but even then annual pruning is desirable. The best known of the white-stemmed Brambles is *Rubus leucodermis*, which is not so white as *R. biflorus*, the stems being more of a blue colour. This was introduced from North-West America by those celebrated collectors, Menzies and Douglas. The flowers of this species are white, and the fruit, which is of a reddish tint, is agreeably flavoured. *R. biflorus* is represented at Kew by a charming group. This species came early in the present century from the Himalayas, and is the most handsome of the entire set. Its arched, spiny stems rise over 10ft. or more high very quickly, and the white covering on stems and branchlets gives, of course, strange beauty to the shrub. *R. biflorus* has yellow fruits, and should be grown before all others. There are other Brambles, but none so distinct as *R. biflorus* and *R. leucodermis*.

THE BLUE-FLOWERED HYDRANGEA.

When visiting some Cornish gardens recently, the blue Hydrangeas made distinct effects; the flowers, very deep in colour, are not confined to a few trusses. This is not a distinct variety, merely the typical *H. Hortensis* grown in an iron soil, which promotes this wonderfully deep tone. Transplant these bushes elsewhere, and the flowers would probably be of the normal pink shade. A note by a correspondent to *Le Jardin* is interesting, as it bears directly upon the subject of blue Hydrangeas. It is mentioned that "Everyone knows and admires the blue Hydrangea, but what is still not well known is how to produce the blue flowers. In the way of mixtures, what has not been tried in order to impart this blue to the flowers of Hydrangea, soils obtained from slate quarries, powdered slate, ferruginous soils, sulphate of iron, etc., in a word, a heap of materials and ingredients, not always at hand nor easy to procure. The compost which I recommend is, on the contrary, within the reach of everyone, and it simply consists in the use of coal cinders. The mixture which I have used for five years to impart the blue colour to the flowers of my Hydrangeas is one-third peat soil, one-third leaf compost, one-third coal cinders."

THE DARTMOUTH CRAB.

This is a beautiful Crab, not merely for its growth, but wealth of brightly-coloured fruit in the autumn. Those who intend to extend the pleasure grounds, or add more variety to them, should plant this Crab, which remains a rich picture throughout the autumn, until, indeed, frosts spoil the fruits. It would be a mistake to place this Crab in the vegetable or fruit quarters; it is a tree for the garden proper, the lawn, shrubbery, and even park, where groups of it would

be as effective as the dying foliage of oak or elm. In early summer, too, when the branches are laden with delicate flowers, the Dartmouth Crab is fair to see. To prune the Crabs is a mistake. One must preserve as much as possible their characteristic spreading character, and pruning simply signifies increasing the size of the fruit at the expense of quantity. The writer has a group of small standard trees, and the lower branches at this season are bent with the burden of fruit. Another fine Crab is called John Downie. This family is seldom planted well in gardens. There is no more charming group of deciduous trees which are always pleasant to see, even in winter, when the graceful form of growth is revealed. They are best placed, perhaps, upon the outskirts of the lawn in groups; they give colour to the garden in the autumn especially, and their size is appropriate in this position.

MESSRS. CARTER AND CO.'S BULB CATALOGUE.—We have received this useful catalogue, which tells one the bulbs to select to make the garden and greenhouse gay in winter and spring. It is freely illustrated, and contains a fund of important information to gardeners, amateur and otherwise.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters of difficulty concerning the garden. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.



SCENE, a corner of a small park; time, 7.30 on a mild August evening. I ensconce myself in a ditch among bracken and dry leaves, and with gun, book, and pipe, prepare to spend an enjoyable hour. Twenty yards away is an old oak; round the spreading roots a colony of rabbits have gathered. For a time I read lazily, watching the smoke circling in blue wreaths into the dark foliage of the beech above me. All is silent save for the random buzzing of some ubiquitous fly or the distant rattle of some cart.

I have not long to wait; there comes a sound of rapid trampling as a startled bunny dashes out of a plantation and makes for the oak tree. I catch up my gun, but the rabbit swerves; the right barrel produces no apparent effect, but the choke catches him well forward, and with a last great leap of a dozen feet he falls and lies still, with head and shoulders in the mouth of a burrow.

For a while I read, with sundry interruptions, such as this :

"The ring-dove in the embowering ivy yet
Keeps up her love lament, and the owls flit
Round the evening towers, and the young stars glance
Between the quick bats in their twilight dance;
The spotted—"

Bang! Got you, my friend. After that all is still. A partridge is calling in the next field; a wren fearlessly flies to a twig a yard from my face. With much rustle among the dry leaves a dormouse emerges and sits almost on my boot. Obviously he is washing his face with his paws, but he keeps a saucy eye on my face. I wink jocosely at the small imp; that is too much for his equanimity, and I see a brown tail whisked violently through the leaves as the owner disappears.

A shy jay settles on a bough ten feet from me, and then flaps away with alarmed chatter. Two wood-pigeons perch in a neighbouring tree. Under the influence of the soporific love song I fall into a kind of reverie, gazing dreamily at the huge oak with its gnarled trunk and dusky leaf-laden arms. Under those wide roots the rabbits burrow and have their homes. Old nursery myths and dimly-remembered tales of childhood flock back to me, as such things will when the mind is at rest—tales of gnomes and such-like elfish creatures who are the rabbits' friends, and dwell near them in subterranean palaces of gold. Quaint little fellows they were to me in those visionary days, with small, wizened faces peering from under their peaked caps as they scuttled here and there with pick and spade on shoulder, in search of treasure.

The rabbits are feeding hard now. Indiscreet juveniles are the first to emerge; then come others of all sizes and ages; last crawls forth a hoary patriarch—a very Methuselah among the rabbit-folk—a grey and grizzled bag of bones. As he lopes along and tugs querulously, sans teeth sans taste, at the succulent herbage, we recognise that we are in the presence of a veritable sage; the melancholy expression is that of one who has lived and has found life an empty vanity at the last. Oh, bunny-philosopher, what truths might we not learn from thee if thou couldst speak!

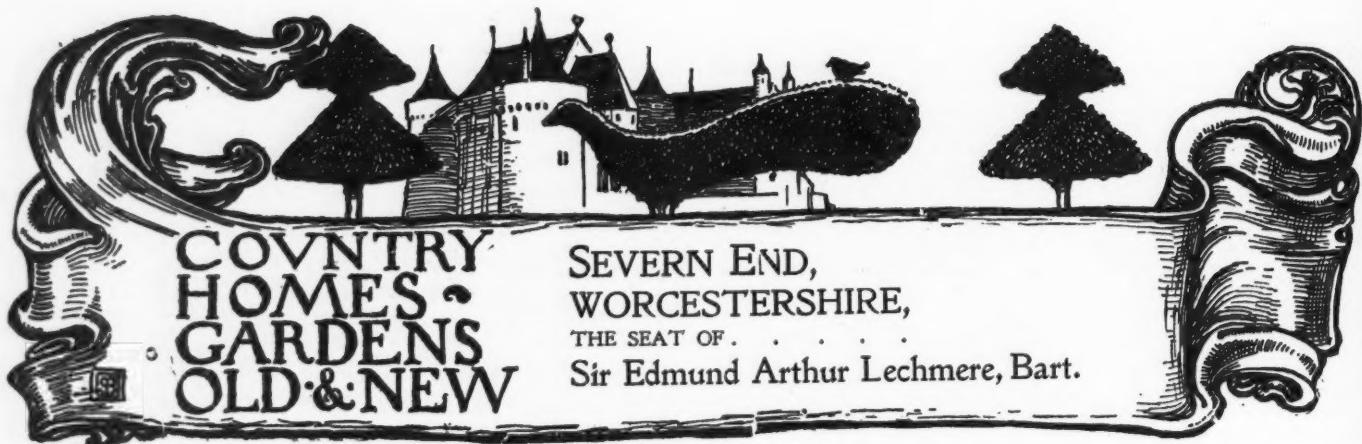
But the evening shadows are falling thick, and after shooting two or three more rabbits I go homewards. On my way back I get a good view of three herons—old frankies, as the Suffolk people call them—fishing, wading, and occasionally swimming in some ornamental water. They seem to be regaling themselves on the frogs which are croaking around. Suddenly the great birds catch sight of me and rise with hoarse cry and huge splashing. The batrachian chorus ceases for a moment, and then begins anew, and as I walk I can hear the sound till it dies away in the distance. GUTHRIE OWEN.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A VERY METHUSELAH.

Copyright



ALMOST the only thing that excellent Nash thinks it worth while to tell us of Severn End is that there was in the grounds there "a sorbus aucuparia of a very large size." It was 8ft. high to the boughs, and at that height the circumference of the trunk was 8ft. 10in., while the height of the tree itself was about 43ft. He tells us that there was a tree of the same kind, and of nearly equal size, in the grounds of John Martin, Esq., of Ham Court, near Upton-on-Severn, and other very large ones were in Lord Exeter's park at "Burleigh House by Stamford town." Nash adds a note to the effect that this tree

was called by common folk the "quicken tree," which, in fact, was the mountain ash, whereas it was in English the "manured sorb or true service tree." It is certainly capable of good service, and he thought it a pity the tree was not more cultivated, since it was both beautiful and hardy, the wood extremely close and firm, "very useful for many parts of millwork, for making mathematical instruments, and excise-men's gauging-sticks." Evidently Nash, himself a planter of trees, was looking at Severn End much from the same point of view to be adopted in these pages. True, he tells us a good deal about the Lechmeres, with their

name derived from the Lech, "a branch of the Rhine, which parts from it at Wyke, in the province of Utrecht, and, running westward, falls into the Maes before you come to Rotterdam," and their pedigree stretching from the time of William the Conqueror to Nash's own day, and now to ours. There was Sir Nicholas Lechmere, a Baron of the Exchequer, who died in 1701, and who added those excellent brick wings, with the sound carved work, to the older half-timbered Severn End. All the character of Henry VII. was upon the old house, with its oak panelling and embossed ceilings, but the work of 1670 added much to its character. The evil wrought by fire a little while ago to this good composite house is now being undone. Sir Nicholas Lechmere sided with the Parliament, and was present at the siege and surrender of Worcester in 1646, wherefore, when the city was occupied afresh by the King's forces, he had 150 Scotch horse quartered upon him by Colonel Massey, who threatened extirpation to him and his posterity. At the Restoration he procured a pardon, and grew to new honours, and Nash gives an excellent portrait of him. The present Baronet is the representative of his eldest son, whilst his second son was that good lawyer, but eccentric, proud, impracticable man, Lord Lechmere, who died in 1727, and of whom Nash would have given a portrait, but that, as he says, "the character of the man was so lost in the immensity of wig that I did not think it worth engraving." The Baron's portrait, however, is now at Sir Edmund Lechmere's other Worcestershire seat, The Rhydd, a neighbour almost of Severn End, for both are at Hanley Castle.

The position is a very pleasant and extremely fruitful one, lying between the Malvern Hills and the Severn, as it flows from Worcester to Tewkesbury. The fire three years ago, to which allusion has been made, did damage that was deplorable, but the restoration is being completed exactly in the



Copyright

THE SOUTH WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Oct. 14th, 1899.]



GARDENS OLD AND NEW: THE BOWLING GREEN AT SEVERAL END.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

Copyright



Bennett.

THE NEW BUILDING.

Copyright

same style of good half-timber work, with the removal of some incongruities, and long may it last, with the family arms and the motto "Christus Pelicano" above the door. The slightly elevated situation commands a sweet view over the pastoral country towards the Severn, and there are delightful woods and avenues, and a pretty old-world garden.

Here for learned leisure and quiet contemplation, doubtless also for pleasant converse with his friends, while the fragrance of many flowers was wafted up from below, and the song of birds sounded often from the trees, did Judge Lechmere in 1661 build himself a garden-house to serve as a study. The garden adopted it, if one may so put it, and invested it with climbing growths that festooned the windows, and with moss; and then rain penetrated, so that the plaster cracked and fell, and the storms shook it, making it become much dilapidated, and it demanded the restoring hand of the late Sir Edmund A. H. Lechmere in 1861. From these pictures you may see what a charming outlook there is from those latticed panes. Here are flowering trees, borders richly filled with white pinks, and

hardy flowers redolent with their perfume, or radiant with their colour, framed with deep green box edgings most effectively, and greenery clinging to the walls. An emerald lawn, with flowering trees, brilliant borders, pyramidal yews, perhaps, and dark hedges are all that we demand in a place like this. Box predominates at Severn End, and there is one hedge of it, planted about twenty years ago, from Whitwell Hall, the Yorkshire seat of Sir E. A. H. Lechmere. Ivy touches the wall by the long bowling green and the side walk of the box lawn, and there is everywhere the charming note of subdued colour. In such a style of gardening as is seen at Severn End, where all is quaint and in simple harmony with the place, a certain trimness is necessary, and we see no straggling box edgings, thin or bare in some places and rampant in others. All is well kept as it should be. The old walls in the kitchen garden are covered with apricots, Morello cherries, and pears, and are among the most interesting features of the place, and the kitchen garden is not without the added charm of flower borders of its own.

The park, again, is very attractive, and full of suggestion to



Bennett.

SEVERN END BEFORE THE FIRE.

Copyright

the planter who would base his work upon the methods of former times. Here we see the remnants of an English elm crescent begun by Sir Nicholas Lechmere in 1641, and completed nine years afterwards. The elm avenues were made good by the late Baronet many years ago. Reverence was shown for the aged trees, and, wherever it was possible, they were retained to form a link with the past. This was working in the true spirit of the old English planter. Severn End is a place of interest, if for its avenues alone. There are three of them in all—one of the Wych or Scotch elm, another of horse-chestnut and lime, and a third wholly of lime. We depict, therefore, a fine old English estate, where house, garden, and park are all good and in happy harmony for the creation of home-like charm.

Sir Edmund Lechmere takes much interest in his estates, to which he succeeded about five years ago, and has expended great labour in the careful repair of the serious damage inflicted by the fire. He will doubtless preserve the fine character of his garden and park.

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

IT would be disingenuous to pay compliment to Miss Frances Gerard upon "The Romance of Ludwig II." (Hutchinson) as a work of literary art. She has not shown, in this book at any rate, the power of luminous expression and coherent narrative. Moreover, much of her work has been well, and indeed better, done by others before her. Time after time, particularly in the introductory chapter, entitled the "Hereditiy of the King," the reader is compelled to pull himself up mentally in order to find out where he is in the story. But the subject, its weird fascination and its infinite melancholy, has



Bennett.

THE OLD BUILDING.

Copyright

triumphed over the writer, and the reader, although he is irritated repeatedly with the thought that the work has been done but poorly and weakly, is none the less not tempted to flee to pastures new until he has followed the fortunes of the mad but fascinating King of Bavaria from the days of his dreaming childhood, when he tried to strangle his brother Otto—"This is my vassal; he has dared to resist my will"—to that last sad scene when, after his deposition, his body was found near that of his medical attendant, Dr. Von Gudden, in the Lake of Starnberg. Miss Gerard leaves an impression that the course of the unhappy Ludwig's life might have been other, and perhaps happier, if he had been more wisely trained in childhood, and it may be granted that the treatment measured out to him was somewhat wrong-headed. But the fatal taint was in his blood, as she asserts elsewhere, and his brother Otto died mad. Moreover, the youthful eccentricities, taken singly, would be perhaps an insufficient proof of insanity. But the accumulation of them is enough, and more than enough. As Pendennis, at Boniface, indulged not one absorbing



Copyright

THE OLD GARDEN HOUSE AT SEVERN END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

extravagance, but innumerable costly fancies which all but ruined him, so Ludwig had a thousand eccentricities, and the conclusion to be drawn from the sum of them was inevitable. He was intensely overbearing towards his brother, he tried to strangle him, as we have seen, once. "Under any unexpected danger or trouble he lost not only all courage, but all composure." He could not endure the sight of bodily infirmity; when he saw an ugly person he would "tremble, shut his eyes, and if he could, run away and hide behind the curtains"; there were, in brief, a hundred peculiarities which justified the prophecy of the exiled King of Greece: "That unfortunate boy is destined to ascend the throne, and will have ample means at his command to gratify the fantastic fancies in which he already indulges." Miss Gerard is very severe on those persons who believe that "the child is father to the man," and adds, "The manner in which the good name of a child is in this connection often taken away, and a reputation made for it which handicaps it through life, is one of those cruel malversations of justice perpetrated by otherwise excellent persons who set up to be judges of these smaller brethren by 'indications.'" She even suggests that the ex-King of Greece, who made this observation when he was cutting Ludwig out of his will, took this course because the young Ludwig admired Greek art and the Greek character.

But we have something more than "indications" to go on now. Ludwig's brief life is over, but before it ended he had justified King Otto's gloomy prediction up to the hilt. Ludwig succeeded to the Bavarian throne in 1864, and his speaking portrait of even date is that of a young man of quite extraordinary beauty, with "dark, unfathomable eyes." At the outset, and almost to the end of his reign, he was indefatigable in his attention to duties of State. But the matters of State to which he attended were minute, and when great opportunities came he missed them. "The 'new broom' went into every hole and corner, and would come back many times in the day to know had any more papers come from the Ministers which required his signature, this zeal being no doubt due to the novelty of signing his name to important documents." In passing, it may be remarked that this somewhat Irish sentence—I refer particularly to the phrase "to know had any more"—is a fair general illustration of the author's style. But the broom, grown older and more worn, was of very little service when the time for prompt and kingly action came in the stirring days of 1870. "King Ludwig at first was in a highly martial frame of mind, his enthusiasm for the Fatherland was quite genuine; he sang the "Wacht am Rhein" with deep emotion; so did all the opera singers and the Court generally. The King's ideas were, however, slightly mixed. He was such a perfect idealist that he shut his eyes to all the complications of real life and contemplated the situation with the genuine delight of a knight of olden days, only the knight



Copyright AN ANCIENT DOORWAY. "C.L."

would have put on his armour and gone to the fight wherever it might be. There was the pity of it. Why did he not, as well as order an immediate mobilisation of the troops, take courage to place himself at the head of the Bavarian Army and go forth as a Paladin or Crusader to fight the hereditary enemy of Germany? This was the turning-point of his life, the crisis that comes in every life, and which comes but once—and if lost, alas!" Miss Gerard's philosophy on life is impetuous, the "crisis which comes but once" is all moonshine, but her question is really only an expression of vain regret. Ludwig might have had other grand opportunities; if he had he would have missed them, as he missed this one, simply because he was poor mad Ludwig of Bavaria, without a particle of manly strength in his character. Instead of acting he fell ill. "Again the demon of solitude seized upon him and drew him back with its powerful hands to his love of dreams and delusions." He retired to his mountain solitudes and ate his heart out. He took an intense and jealous dislike to his German relatives. In relation to that momentous meeting of the German princes at Versailles he was like a wayward child. First he would go, then he would not. He sent a Minister, but he sent fresh and contradictory instructions to that Minister every day. He was too weak an earthen vessel to swim in the company of William of Prussia, afterwards of the German Empire, and of Bismarck, and the last-named eventually played with him. The man of Blood and Iron said that "the King of Bavaria lived in dreams, and was little better than a child who did not know his own mind." And Bismarck was right—Ludwig would busy his whole soul in the question whether the Bavarian collar should be retained or whether the Prussian shoulder-strap should be substituted for it, but, lying in bed with a gumboil, he was induced to make the fateful proposal for the unification of the German Empire in terms dictated by Bismarck himself. This great political fact



Copyright A SIDE WALK AT SEVERN END. "C.L."



Copyright THE GARDEN HOUSE ENTRANCE. "C.L."

resulted from a copy, made by the King, of Bismarck's draft. "The letter was well received, but there was neither paper nor ink to answer it. A groom found some coarse writing materials and the King wrote the letter which made the German Empire." And the Crown Prince, the same man whose heroic figure delighted us in 1887, wrote in his diary: "The King of Bavaria has actually copied out the letter and Holstein is bringing it back. . . . That day Bismarck and I shook hands, for now Kaiser and Reich have been irreversibly established, and after the interregnum of sixty-five years the terrible

Kaiserless time is over." Let a more humble chronicler add also that in this one case the saying, *Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*, was not justified. "God fulfils himself in many ways." If Ludwig had been a stronger man we might not have enjoyed the inestimable blessing of almost thirty years of peace in Central Europe, which is due largely to the German Empire.

Much that is interesting and curious and sad in this book may well be passed over lightly here. The descriptions of the private performances in the theatre, with the King alone for audience, of his "dressings up," to use a phrase of childhood, in heroic character, of his shrinking from the society of humankind, of his retirements to the mountains, are full of pain. More interesting is it to note how true a prophet was old Otto of Greece. "He will have ample means," said Otto, "to gratify the fantastic tastes in which he already indulges." And that, on a royal scale, was precisely what Ludwig did. His "building mania"—Miss Gerard deprecates the expression, but it is strictly accurate—was hereditary, but it was also immense. He built three great castles. At one of them, Neuschwanstein, with his head full of the Niebelungenlied and the Meistersingers, he reproduced the Hall of the Wartburg. "This castle far surpasses any building of modern times," says Mennell, "and is the Walhalla of artistic minds." He turned Linderhof into a little Trianon, a dream of luxury and splendour in the middle of a forest, and, if he had lived to complete Herrnschiemsee, it would have been one of the wonders of the world—indeed,

it is so already. The mad King left more splendid examples of architecture in Bavaria than any of his predecessors had dreamed of; and he did it because he lived in a dream. But the greatest of all his works is summed up in the word Bayreuth. Fitful as was the patronage and encouragement which the King gave to Richard Wagner, and although Ludwig was all but deterred from his regal purpose by a trifling and fancied offence, there is no doubt that if there had been no Ludwig, no mad monarch instinct with the love of divine music, and afame with interest in the themes which Wagner loved to celebrate, there would have been no Bayreuth as Bayreuth is practically understood by the world now. For Bayreuth means the great festival playhouse, in which, once every three years, the musical world, and the world which wants to be thought musical, assemble to hear the works of the master rendered in perfection. And the playhouse, which cannot now contain the visitors who would fain throng it, was built in the face of fierce opposition in the English, French, and German Press. Ludwig did not bear all the expense, but it is clear that the playhouse would never have been built and the "Ring" would never have been produced for the first time—the cost of production was £20,000—but for Ludwig of Bavaria. For this reason, and perhaps for this reason only, the world owes a deep debt to Ludwig of Bavaria, and, remembering the quasi-sanctity which our forefathers attached to madness, it may be repeated that God fulfils himself in many ways.

The French "Llandes" and Sand-dunes.

SOME time since, in COUNTRY LIFE, we had some observations and illustrations referring to Lord Leicester's work on the East Norfolk Coast in saving land from the sea. We found acres and acres of good ground salvaged, mainly by the planting of the fir trees that consolidated the sand-hills, sheltered the sand from the wind-storms, and made the desert blossom not quite like the rose, but like the conifer. The valuable land is not really the sand-hills on which the fir trees grow, but the Hinterland, that, thanks to the accumulation of sand-hill supported by fir trees, is able to grow the green things of the earth without perpetual danger of having itself and them over-flooded by sea or by sand. This is work that has been taken up comparatively lately by Lord Leicester. For years, and perhaps ages, it has been in progress on the coasts of France. We see it when first we lift up our storm-tossed heads to look out of the railway carriage window after arrival at Calais. The train is going along amidst great sand-dunes, fir-clad. The Hinterland is a flat marshy place, with areas that look like good grazing ground intervening—a country of the *prés-salés*, of many wildfowl, and of much rheumatism. There is scarcely a doubt—it jumps to the eyes—that all this is salvage from the sea. Then, again, there is a deal of this kind of country that the ordinary traveller will miss, for the Briton knows little of his Brittany and his France away out to Brest, and from there south to Bordeaux; but at Bordeaux he will hit on the coast again, and thence southward all through the Gironde and the Basses Pyrenees, almost as far as the Spanish border, the country is mainly of the same quality—of this quality *par excellence* even; for it is the country of Les Llandes. Les Llandes themselves are the Hinterland—flat, low-lying, with shallow pools and stretches of water—for the most part covered with low scanty brushwood. It is perhaps a little difficult to say the proportions in which Art and Nature respectively have worked in covering with the *pin maritime* the immense sand-dunes that are the bulwark between this low-lying country and the Bay of Biscay. Art—that is to say, purposeful human labour—has, we know, been at work in parts of it; but it is certain that so vast a rampart as this must owe immensely the larger portion of its bulk to Nature. The conifers seed themselves abundantly, and love the sand that looks as if it could not give an honest living to a blade of grass. In point of fact, it does not.



TURPENTINE COLLECTORS.

Arcachon, famed for its healthful and mild winter climate and its oysters. Englishmen more and more gather in these parts, the Gironde and Basses Pyrenees, in the winter, finding more to appease the sporting appetite than on the Riviera. There are golf links at Arcachon, Biarritz, and St. Jean de Luz, not to speak of Pau, at a brief distance. In all this country there are otters in the streams, and also trout, and sometimes they hunt the bagged fox. The pines seem perpetually full of tiny birds in incessant movement, searching for small insects—tits and golden-crested wrens. It is traversed by one of the great migration lines, and at times of the year the woods are very full of thrushes, and sometimes of pigeons. Woodcock drop in for a day or two at a time. The writer has seen the rare hoopoe in

these woods, and there is many a badger.

The creature that inhabits the pine forests in greatest numbers is the Bombyx processionalis, that curious thing that, in the caterpillar stage, likes to "go on pilgrimage" in Indian file, so that the sight of a line gyds. or roysds. long of these hairy caterpillars, going nose to tail, is not uncommon. They have descended from the big nests, big as a small football

sometimes, of web that you may see high up in the trees, and they will go on processioning over the sand, and over any obstacle that comes in their way, until they reach a place that the leader of the line seems to like, and then they burrow, to await their change through the chrysalis phase until they reach the mature moth condition, in which they will bring forth eggs and create an offspring as abominable as themselves. For they are abominable, though very interesting. Be careful how you touch them, for if your skin comes in contact with the hairs of these caterpillars a great irritation will be set up. They are noxious things. But why they go head to tail, for what transcendent qualities and by what method of election the leader of the line is chosen, one can only speculate. Apparently they are a people of heaven-born leaders, for one of the pleasantest experiments with them is to break the line, with a stick, in the middle. Then the leading part and the back part of the line at once stop, the news being quickly sent up to the leader that all is not well with his centre. The leading member of the back part of the line will at once begin nosing about, at a considerable loss, as if to say, with Browning, "What's become of Waring?" It is a sheer case of the "Lost Leader." Sometimes the line will reunite, the leader of the back part, after a certain head-waving and tentative movement, will find the tail of the fellow who was next in front of him; in that case he will humbly take his part as a nameless unit in the great scheme, the great line. All will begin to go forward again as before. But if not, if he fail to find the connection again, then, after a few minutes of seeking, he will, without a protest, take on himself all the functions of a leader. He will lead the line with all the confidence and responsibility of the original Waring. In fact, it does not seem to matter one bit to this very remarkable people that they have lost their Waring. They are a people of Warings—very interesting in their habits, but very horrible to touch; and their numbers are infinite. Every tree bears their nests. When they descend from the nests they will sometimes crawl quietly down the trunk, but sometimes, as if this way were too roundabout, will let themselves down by a long string, made of



DRAUGHT BEASTS.

themselves. And even if they fall, it does not hurt them on the soft sand. So much for the tribe of Warings.

These pine trees, being full of turpentine, also support another race of folk—the TURPENTINE COLLECTORS. Very many trees you will see gashed down the back, and with a little tin pot affixed to the lower end of the gash. The turpentine oozes out of the gash and runs down into

the pot. The people use queer one-stemmed ladders for getting up to the higher gashes; for the trees may be gashed more than once. The ladder is well seen in the illustration. The whole of this turpentine-collecting business is under strict control.

Another curious people of this curious country, or rather of its Hinterland, are those shepherds on stilts that we see sometimes beside the train as we pass through. They have, curiously, the aspect of phantoms as we lift sleepy eyes, after the dawn has come at Bordeaux, and see a thing aloft, in the air, sheep-skin clad, with a troop of the black-faced sheep of the Llandes. The explanation of this people's stilted fashion is that the Llandes is largely made up of thin sheets of water lying over a hardish pan. Also there is much low brushwood. The elevation of the stilts puts the shepherd out of the water, and gives him a view-point whence he can see his sheep among the bushes. They are very clever and fast on these stilts, which are strapped on to the leg from the knee downwards, and can do nearly a mile in five minutes, walking with vast strides. They carry a long pole, which forms a tripod with the two stilts when they stand still, and so supports them. If you throw a franc to one, he will stick one long wooden leg straight out behind, bend the other, and go hand under hand down the pole till he can reach the ground, then hand over hand up the pole again—a fine gymnastic performance.

The DRAUGHT BEASTS of the country are, of course, the bullocks, going along in pairs, in movements so identical that it is hard to think the two are not moved by one volition. And indeed they are, by the volition of the man who goes before and directs them with his stick. Their yoke is heavy, literally; but they make light of the burdens. They are docile, intelligent, strong, and even affectionate; but they are mighty slow. One of the pleasantest of the sounds of this country is the tinkling of the bells on the bullocks' necks, as they go with slow cadenced step; one of the most afflicting is the squeak of the ill-oiled wheel of the waggon, complaining as if there were some wretched Ixion in process of breaking on it.

A Gastronomical Appreciation of the Solan Goose.

HERE is not one of our British sea-birds that has so great a majesty in its flight and general aspect as the gannet, or solan goose. It is a magnificent spectacle to watch it sailing past the yacht on its grandly outspread wings, more fascinating still to see it poise itself high in air when it spies a hapless herring in the sea below, then dart swiftly down into the water, closing its wings and going into the sea with a dash that sends up the spray like an exploding rocket. A moment later it will emerge from the waves shaking the water from its feathers, a fish in its beak, and wing its way onwards in search of further prey.

We, that is to say our little party in the yacht, were never tired of watching these majestic birds. Our skipper told us of a clever way of catching them. A board is painted of the colour of the sea, a herring is fastened on it, and it is towed behind the ship. The solan goose sees the herring, pays no attention to the board, and, diving down from a great height, breaks its neck by striking the board. Then you get out the dinghy and bring the dead gannet aboard. We did all of this except the last. We performed our programme of the board and the herring most scrupulously, but the wretched solan goose failed miserably to execute his part of the programme. Any other herring in the

sea he would dive down on gladly, but our herring seemed never to have the least attraction for him. Perhaps we had not painted the board quite the right colour. That was the skipper's theory to account for the goose's unsportsmanlike behaviour, and though we changed the colour several times, it seemed that we had not quite the right tint of paint on board. This was unfortunate, for we all were very desirous of tasting a solan goose, being assured that our ancestors had deemed it a kingly dish, and further being informed that the owner of the Bass Rock, the great and famous home of the solan geese, holds it on the attractive and lenient tenure of sending a dozen gannets' eggs yearly to the Queen. What Her Majesty does with the eggs we could not learn, but the fact increased our loyal zeal to taste the royal dainty. Our loyal zeal was gratified.

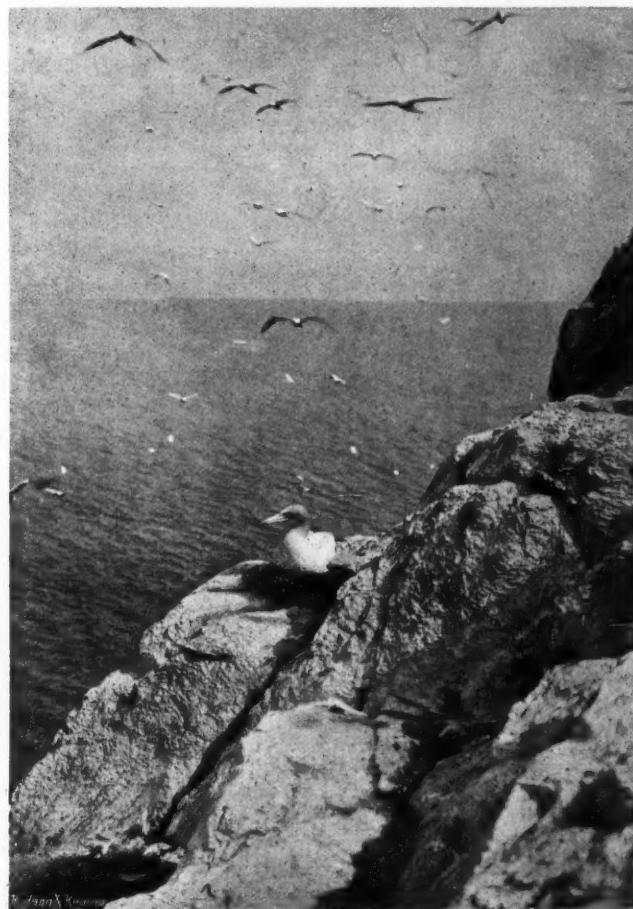
We put into a harbour on the West Coast, near one of the famous breeding-places of these fine birds. We had a friend who owned a little place on shore, and he gave us an invitation to dine with him, adding, as a special inducement to our acceptance, that a fine solan goose would form a *pièce de résistance* at the banquet. It scarcely needed that inducement to secure our eager acceptance. Dinner ashore is always an agreeable change when yachting, and for solan goose we would have gone far.

In point of fact we did not have far to go. The yacht's dinghy took us ashore, and we got into a fly that we had ordered to be in readiness, and drove some two miles or so to the house. I got out to open the lodge gates, which were only at a distance of 200yds. or less from the house, and even there, as I recollect afterwards, became aware of a peculiar aroma mingling with the fragrance of the evening air. I noticed that my two companions sniffed the breeze a little anxiously as we drove up the avenue, but for the moment nothing was said. We arrived at the front door, and there the aroma that I had suspected before asserted itself with an emphasis that would not be denied. When the door opened the footman appeared to be positively propelled from within the house by a solid press of highly-savoury and heated air that escaped from it, and involuntarily we fell back a pace or two. Then, bracing our courage, we faced it and forced our way in. We were shown into the drawing-room, where the aroma was certainly less than in the passage, though still quite undeniable. But we affected, as did our host, to disregard it, and spoke of what are called indifferent topics, such as the weather, which is by no means a matter of indifference when one is yachting, and of our host's luck and our own, in that he had secured for our dinner a specimen of the royal bird. He gave us a very interesting account of its habits, telling us that it returned to its cliffs to breed at a certain date in each year, scarcely ever varying by more than a day or so one side or the other of the normal date. Only during the breeding season did it occupy those cliffs down which he had let himself be lowered by a rope from the top in order to secure the excellent photographs of the solan geese *ON THE WING* and *ON THEIR NESTS* with which, through his kindness, I am able to illustrate this short sketch. He told us, further, that the birds when first hatched are covered with down only, that this soon gives way to a mottled dark plumage, and that only after the third moult do they assume the splendid black and white plumage with which we generally see them clad.

All this was immensely interesting, and served to divert our attentions from the wait that preceded dinner, and allowed us to grow accustomed to the curious aroma pervading the house. At length dinner was announced, the butler explaining, as the cause of the delay, that the cook had been seized with a faintness whilst cooking the dinner. Something of the same sensation attacked each of us as we sat ourselves at the dinner-table and bravely endeavoured to smile. Our host feigned a blissful unconsciousness of the atmosphere in which we tried to breathe, and we could only imagine that it was the normal condition of the house, to which our free life in the yacht made us perhaps unduly sensitive. He remarked that we were eating little, but said that he presumed we were reserving ourselves for the solan goose. We assured him that such was the case, and at length the menu told us that the time and the goose were at hand. The door opened, and, preceded by a mighty wave of the aroma that grew momentarily in volume and pungency, the goose appeared, held high in dish by the butler, whose face though pale was determined. That brave man seemed to have been told that smells ascended, for he held the dish and the bird at a

level considerably above his head, and not until compelled to do so lowered it to place it on the sideboard. Having accomplished this he fell back a pace or two, and there was a pause.

"What is it?" our host asked him, petulantly, and he said that he thought perhaps, as it was a solan goose, the gentlemen



H. Cookson. — *SOLAN GOOSE ON ITS NEST.*

Copyright

would like to carve it for themselves. We all said with one voice that we were sure he would do the royal bird greater justice. I ventured to ask our host when it had been killed, and learned to my surprise that it had been caught in the salmon nets only three days before. It could not therefore be high, and I found my reason tottering in the vain endeavour to imagine what solan goose might be like when it was high. The butler succeeded in carving for each of us a small portion from the breast of the bird. We sat looking at our plates, toying with the condiments, until our host was served. By common tacit consent we seemed to have resolved that he should be the first to try it, as though we feared a hidden poison.

Wonderful man, he wore every appearance of satisfaction on his face as he put the first mouthful between his teeth. Before he had finished masticating it, each of us, shamed by his example, had a mouthful of the kingly bird between our teeth. Before he had finished masticating it, we had all been masticating hard for several minutes, but we made not the slightest impression on our mouthfuls. The kingly bird defied all efforts of mastication.

Then we gave it up. Our host was the first to set the example of freeing his mouth, not in the manner prescribed by etiquette books for that performance, of the piece of goose. But etiquette books do not contemplate a solan goose. With the good example once set us by our host we all



H. Cookson

ON THE WING.

Copyright

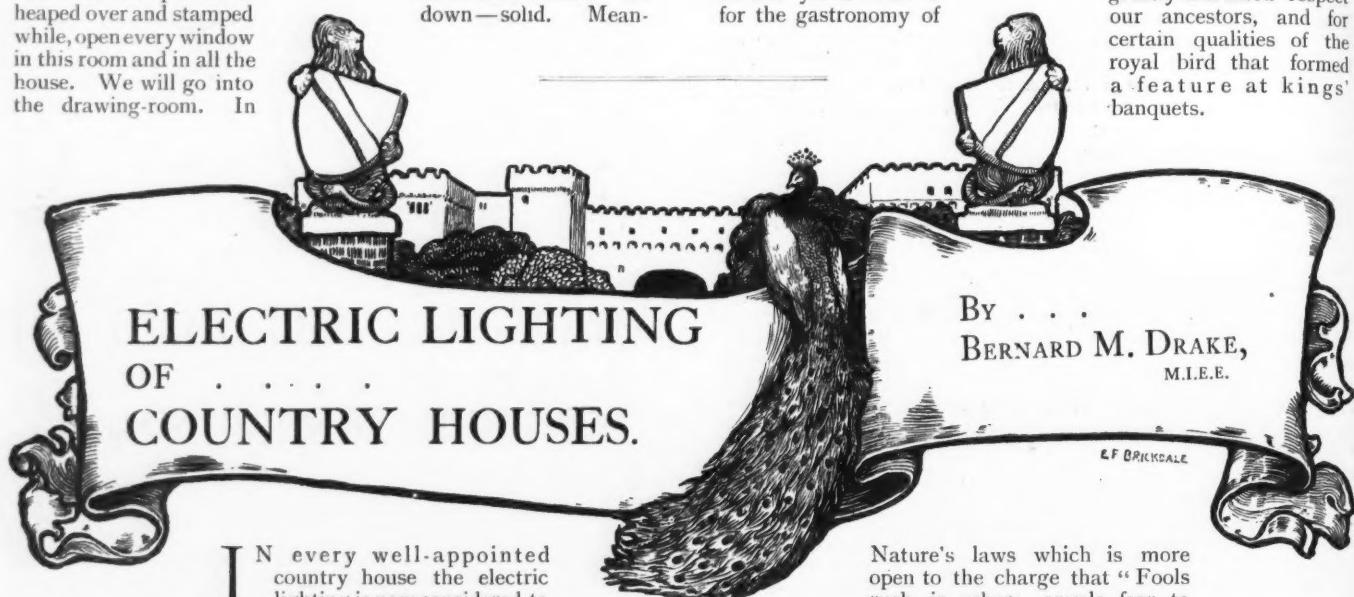
pleasantly fell in; then in the midst of the all-pervading savour we looked at each other in a blank silence. Our host began to laugh. Then we laughed, the butler laughed (he was a strong man), the footman laughed. It was the only way of facing the tragedy of the situation. Tears could not have saved it. Laughter did.

"Take that bird," said our host to the butler; "take it, if you can, now, at once, to the far end of the garden. Let someone take a spade and that bird be put in it heaped over and stamped while, open every window in this room and in all the house. We will go into the drawing-room. In

dig a hole—deep. Let and the mould be down—solid. Mean-

half-an-hour's time ask the cook if she can let us have some mutton chops or something plain for dinner. The solan goose was a favourite dish with our ancestors. I fear that they were men of stronger palate than their descendants of to-day."

Therewith we retired to the drawing-room, while the breeze ran riot through all the open doors and windows of the house. Subsequently we had a very pleasant little dinner of plain mutton, to which a piquancy was lent by a mitigated flavour, still clinging, of the solan to the yacht with a for the gastronomy of



IN every well-appointed country house the electric lighting is now considered to be of scarcely less importance than the water supply, the drainage, and other necessities. In town it is a recognised fact that a house without electric light will not let, and in the country the hostess has been forced to appreciate that her house parties are not considered up-to-date if her friends have to return to the dingy candle during their stay.

It is, therefore, but natural that this matter should have become one of general interest, concerning which many untechnical minds are thirsting for information. The writer has frequently been asked, "Can you tell me any book which deals with electric lighting in a simple practical way?" and he is bound to confess that he cannot, for the mass of available literature is either too technical for the lay mind, or is a disguised advertisement for one particular system. An attempt will be made in this series of articles to deal with the subject in a popular way, avoiding technicalities as far as possible, and to put the reader in such a position that he can use his own common-sense as to what will best meet his individual requirements. Unfortunately this is no easy task, for there is no application of

Nature's laws which is more open to the charge that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Those of us who have seen the industry spring from its source, with incandescent lamps at 15s. a-piece, and dynamos that were made by the few who held the secret, and dispensed their favours at fabulous profits, will look back with satisfaction at the enormous strides that have been made since the practical birth of the electric light in 1880.

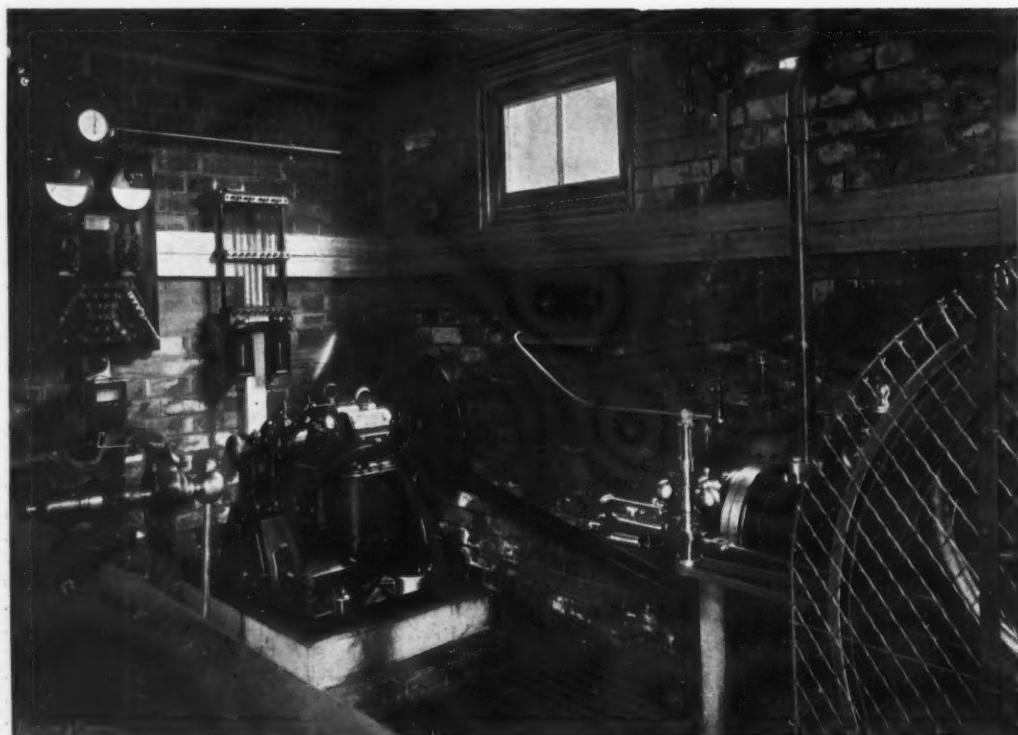
In those days of high-tension working, measuring instruments were too costly for universal use, and it was no uncommon result for one of the party to be hurled across the room in his wild endeavours to discover whether the dynamo was performing its functions. Now the days of danger have passed, at any rate so far as country houses are concerned, and any part of the apparatus can be handled by the naked hand with impunity.

Your first question will naturally be, "What is electricity?" If you tell me that, I shall be able to understand the matter better. Doubtless it is some form of molecular vibration closely allied with light and heat; but we must be content in a popular treatise with cause and effect, and to study the practical results.

It is a pity, indeed, that Faraday cannot see the far-reaching

effects of his discovery that a coil of wire moving near a magnet produced impulses of electricity; for this is the basis of our electric light, and conversely of our electric traction. Our modern dynamo is merely a convenient arrangement for dragging a number of coils near a magnet, and collecting the current from each coil at the most propitious moment. It is not produced by "friction," as many still suppose—in fact, there is a clear air space between the coils and the magnet—but by a property known as induction. Radiating from the magnets are invisible lines of force in the air, and the cutting of these by the coils produces electricity. But as electricity is one form of energy, we must expend energy to bring it into existence, and this brings us to the problem of the most convenient form of power production, which will later on need discussion in detail.

Having produced our electricity from any source of power, we have only to "switch" it on to the lamps, and as long as the process



MODEL GENERATING PLANT AT MR. DRAKE'S HOUSE, SANDERSTEAD.

Oct. 14th, 1899.]

the some
in goose
y were
breeze
house.
f plain
ur, still
returned
respect
and for
of the
formed
ings'

continues we shall have a light. It is not, however, convenient to keep machinery running constantly, so we must make use of the accumulator. This, in simple form, is a number of lead plates in sulphuric acid and water, which Planté discovered would undergo a chemical change when a current of electricity was passed through them. When returning to their natural state from this condition of chemical stress, electricity is given off as a by-product, and hence the light after the engine has stopped. The above is a brief *résumé* of what takes place in a country house electric-lighting plant; but the reader must not think he has mastered the whole subject, for, unfortunately, he must try to get some notion of the meaning of the technical terms before he can grapple further with the subject.

It is no easy matter to explain the terms by which the different properties of electricity are measured, for no exact analogy exists. If we take water measure, for instance, you might say that the ampere is equivalent to the pints per second, and the volt to the pressure on the pipes, although this gives but a shadowy idea of the symbols, and the simile will doubtless appeal more to the lay mind than to that of the compiler of text books. The ampere is more correctly the rate of flow, and if you turn on more volts you tend to increase the amperes. Wires, however, like water-pipes, offer resistance to the passage of the current, and thus we have the restraining effect which limits the rate of flow.

You have now brought your mind into a state to understand Ohms law, which without this explanation might have appeared formidable.

E
R
C=Current in amperes.
E=E electromotive force in volts.
R=Resistance in ohms.

In plain language, it means that these three measures are dependent the one on the other.

If you halve the resistance, you double the current; if you want the same current through twice the resistance, you must double the volts. If you increase your voltage by putting more accumulator cells into circuit, to help the rest, you will cause more amperes to flow through the lamps, and obtain a better light. On the other hand, if you put your cells far away you will interpose an extra resistance in the shape of the connecting cable, which will tend to decrease the amperes flowing, and necessitate more cells. The main restraining influence or resistance should be the lamp itself, where you want the electricity to expend its power in producing light. It is evident, then, that we must have a term to express this amount of power, which has been christened the "watt," and is the outcome of the ampere and the volt multiplied together.

An ordinary lamp takes 60 watts, so that if you provide a plant at 60 volts, the current used will be 1 ampere per lamp. If your plant is arranged for 100 volts the current will be .6 ampere, and at 200 volts, .3 ampere per lamp. Either 100 or 200 volts are the usual working standards, and it will be clear from the above why there has been so much tendency to substitute the 200 volts for the 100 volts, viz., that it halves the current, and therefore enables more lights to be supplied from a given sized cable. As the supply companies have already a third of their capital sunk in the streets, they are naturally eager to avail themselves of a means of increasing the number of their customers without any further outlay to themselves.

Source of Power.—Having now mastered some of the rudiments, we must consider in detail the practical questions that arise, in the order of their importance. The first consideration is the source of power and its position with regard to the house to be lit. There is a very natural desire in this life to get all one can for nothing, and if a practical scheme can be devised to utilise water-power or even wind, it is certain to commend itself even if the first cost is high. The practical issue to decide, however, is whether the interest on the extra cost involved is greater or less than the coal-bill saved. For instance, suppose an engine can be erected complete for £150, and costs £15 a year in fuel, we could at 5 per cent. per annum afford to spend another £300 on turbine and earthwork, when the engine and the turbine would cost the same to run, apart from the question of

maintenance. Thus at £200 extra it would manifestly be worth doing if the water is reliable, whereas at £400 extra it would not.

To determine whether existing water-power is suitable for electric generation will require the presence of an expert; but speaking generally, there must be a considerable fall at one point if the application is to be economical. The amount of power obtainable is 1 horse-power for every 706 cubic feet of water that flows in a minute with a fall of 1 ft. If you have 10 ft. of fall then 70 cubic feet per minute will yield a horse-power; thus the higher the fall the less the water needed, and consequently the smaller the turbine required. One horse-power will usually suffice for about twenty lamps fixed.

To get a rough idea of the water flowing it will only be necessary to choose a straight part of the stream where the banks are parallel, and place two pegs at some convenient distance apart, say 100 ft. Next throw a handful of torn paper into the stream, and note the average time taken to travel between the two points. From this you will easily get the feet that would be travelled in a minute, which must be multiplied by the breadth and depth of the stream in feet. The result will be the cubic feet of water per minute, which must in turn be multiplied by the available fall in feet. Divide by 706, and you have the horse-power. It will be evident from the above that a stream without any decided fall will not be suitable for electric lighting, and it is hoped that the data given will enable anyone



MODEL ACCUMULATOR ROOM AT MR. DRAKE'S HOUSE.

to arrive at a rough conclusion without going to the expense of summoning an expert on a fruitless errand.

The writer has more than once been asked to come and report on the feasibility of utilising a stream which would barely suffice for the daily requirements of a healthy cow.

A wind-engine, or wind-mill, as it is still called owing to its most usual application, can only be considered as an adjunct, for storage batteries are too expensive to think of their use for long periods of calm. Here, again, it is a question to be decided whether the amount of fuel saved will pay interest on first cost and repairs to the wind-engine. In exposed situations the writer is of opinion that there will be development in this direction, but as it would not in any case materially interfere with existing arrangements there is no reason to delay getting to work on this score. The engravings show the interior arrangement of a model oil engine plant at the writer's house at Sanderstead; further reference to the details will be made in a further issue.

ON THE GREEN.

THESE is always a special interest attached to the meetings of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, for they mean that we shall see a further illustration of the long-continued duel—much more than a Seven Years' War, and not much less than a Thirty Years' War—that has been going on for the supremacy between Mr. Ball and Mr. Hilton. The former's fame is probably the greater on the whole, for he has won the open championship once, and the amateur championship many times, against the two open championships, and no amateur championship, that stand to Mr. Hilton's credit. Mr. Ball, too, had the special honour of being the first to win the open championship from professional holding. The general impression, perhaps, is that Mr. Ball

is the greater in match play, and Mr. Hilton the more consistent scorer. But, at any rate, the scratch medals at Hoylake have been, with very few exceptions, a monopoly of this pair for a long while past. Latterly, another local player, Mr. John Graham, has been creeping up closer and closer, and gradually challenging the supremacy of the other two, but never, perhaps, quite so successfully as at this last autumn meeting. For it will be seen that, curiously enough, all three returned scores that showed only one point of difference on the aggregate of their two medal rounds. Mr. John Ball won the first medal on the first day with 77, Mr. Graham coming second to him at 78, and Mr. Hilton third at 79. On the second day Mr. Hilton won with 76, and Mr. Ball and Mr. Graham tied for the second medal with 77. Thus Mr. Ball's aggregate comes out at 154, and that of Mr. Hilton and Mr. Graham at a stroke more. In playing off the tie for second honours Mr. Ball was winner with 78 to Mr. Graham's 82.

The recent business meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, besides doing a great work for golf in general by passing the new code of rules which the Rules of Golf Committee has been puzzling out so long, passed a resolution of no little moment for its own future conduct. It practically resolved, though we understand that the resolution was not strictly in order, and is subject to formal confirmation, to appoint a paid secretary at a salary of not more than £350 to manage all the business connected with the clubhouse. The management of the green, as we understand, will remain as of old, in the hands of the Green Committee. This

resolution is far from implying any ingratitude on the part of the members for the invaluable services that have been rendered them for so many years by Mr. C. S. Grace, the late honorary secretary. Mr. Grace succeeded his father in that office, and both father and son have worked for the club with a devotion that is above all praise. But the fact is that the golf at St. Andrews and the actual clubhouse itself have grown to such dimensions as require the entire attention of a responsible manager—an attention that no one with private business calls can be expected to give. The catering and waiting alone must tax the powers of all concerned very hardly in a busy time, such as the medal meetings, and throughout the months of August and September. And not only do more and more visiting members come into evidence for a time each year at St. Andrews, but each year the time grows longer. October is now as crowded a month as either of the others used to be a few years back; so that the services of a secretary able to give his whole time to the business of management are really necessary. In all probability the club will have no trouble in filling the post with an efficient man. The trouble indeed is rather likely to be the selection among the large number of candidates that probably will offer themselves.

It seems, as we ventured to foretell, that Vardon's two defeats by Taylor have not shaken his confidence in the least. Since those matches he has been showing all his old power, beating Herd, who at one time seemed his most dangerous adversary, easily enough, besides some minor victories. His next meeting with Taylor will be an interesting one, and it takes place immediately.



heredity, is a task which well might spur the dramatist. The novelist is already in revolt; it remains for the Drama to push it home. Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Louis N. Parker, a practical playwright and a dramatic poet, have taken the matter in hand. They have tackled the subject sincerely, earnestly, whole-heartedly—but they have not succeeded. Their engine—the subject of their play—is well-turned enough, but the power—the motive which should drive it—is sadly at fault. The result is a play full of beautiful ideas, inspired by a magnificent theme, which does not convince, does not grip, does not compel the tribute of admiration we are so anxious to bestow. It is such a great pity.

The authors of the new play at the Lyceum Theatre have seen the Drama of the Doldrums, and have set themselves to supply the antidote. Their intention was splendid, but they have not proved strong enough for the task. They have seen the subject of heredity allowed to run mad; they gave themselves the worthy task of providing a counterblast. But Ibsen has not yet found his Anti-Ibsen. With all the desire in the world to be convinced, we are not convinced. Artistically speaking, of course. Most of us by this time have wearied of the excesses committed by the apostles of the latest craze of predestination, of the doctrines which proclaim that to struggle against the sins of our fathers being repeated in ourselves is useless and a waste of energy.

John Radleigh, the eminent Queen's Counsel and hero of the play, is the son of a victim to the opium habit. There is nothing against him personally; he is brilliant, he is successful, he is clean and honest. Even the case of his father was an isolated case; there is nothing to suggest that the vice "runs in the family," that the disease of his father was not abnormal, induced by environment or circumstance. Yet the ex-Attorney-General, Sir Henry Faber, who loves him as a son, who has watched him grow up, who has seen nothing in his disposition to lead him to think that the taint is in Radleigh's blood—except a nervousness and a habit of writing poetry—good poetry, which makes all the difference—absolutely refuses to allow his daughter to marry him; refuses even when he sees that she is pining away, and that the man he loves so well is drifting into hopelessness and despair.

For Sir Henry is a believer in the doctrine of heredity, and

would rather see his child fade away in a year or two than that she should run the risk—really about one chance in a thousand—of her husband taking opiates many years hence. Thus you see why the subject, the engine of the play, is right, but the power, the motive of it, is hopelessly weak. No man—let alone so able and so affectionate a man as Sir Henry Faber—could possibly be so adamant with so little reason. Only on the hypothesis that the authors had not the courage to detract from Radleigh's heroic qualities by making the danger more real, can we account for them spoiling their play by so weakening it in so essential a point.

Of course, Radleigh is driven to the very evils the old man feared. He is lonely, he is hopeless, he has lost faith in himself—the poison has been instilled into his brain. Of course he seeks solace in the drug of which, in happier circumstances, he would never have thought. Of course, for a time, the old man finds himself justified, and the girl is in despair. Of course, when they come to see him, they find him a temporary madman—writing with an empty pen beautiful verses, a poem of hope to humanity.

Then comes an unnecessary dash of melodrama. Radleigh sinks lower and lower, as low even as a bench in St. James's Park for his bed. He is lost to the world, his career is over, the girl who loves him is ignorant of his whereabouts. He has but one friend, a woman whose life has been purified merely by contact with him; a fashionable courtesan, who has thrown off all her old associates, all her old gaieties, all her old besmirchment, and, like him, is almost starving. She it is who sits by his side in the park, while the music of a political reception in Carlton House Terrace comes whispering through the trees. She knows he does not love her, but she is content.

She reads his verses to him, and he cries aloud in his despair. He cries for her whom he loves, without whom he is lost. And, as he cries, she comes; and, as she comes, the play is over. Over, though there is yet another act, an act which, ten years having passed, shows us Radleigh rehabilitated, a judge, the husband of his well-beloved, the father of lovely children. In a seat in the old garden sits her father, even now only half converted. But all is happiness, and the doctrine of heredity is disproven to the satisfaction of the authors of the play. They have shown that the Makers of Man are not merely the dead bones of his forefathers, but God, his ancestors, his lovers, and himself.

But we—even we who are at one with the dramatists in their philosophy—feel that they have not made out their—our—case. We know that the play would not convert a neophyte in pessimism. Worse than that, from the point of view of drama,

despite the beauty of much of their work—some of its passages, particularly the Poem of Hope, are of extreme beauty—despite the splendour of their text and the dramatic possibilities of its development, their play has been wearisome frequently, unconvincing always. We feel that, despite the strength of isolated moments—the scene where Sylvia returns to find her lover demented, unconscious of her presence, is one; where Jane Humphries, the courtesan, comes to him and tells him her trouble, is another—"Man and His Makers" lacks concentration, interest, consecutive development of incident and character. And we are very sorry.

The acting is very fine. Mr. Barrett plays Radleigh with nervous, electric force; Miss Ashwell, as Sylvia, gives us a perfect picture of a modern woman, loving, restrained, well-bred, whose emotions are yet free and full; Miss Maude Jeffries, as the other woman, shows us that she has variety as well as sweetness, and acts the part admirably. Mr. Barnes, as the father, acts with his usual sweetness and delicacy.

Though it may not be a dramatic success, "Man and His Makers" should be seen as an earnest attempt to write an elevated and inspiring drama.

ONE is pleased to learn that an opportunity may be afforded us of renewing acquaintance with Mr. Louis N. Parker's dainty and clever comedy, "The Happy Life," which was produced some time ago at the Duke of York's Theatre, where it enjoyed a "run" far too modest for its merits. Mr. Scott Buist has taken Terry's Theatre for a season, there to present a new modern play by Mr. Parker, but before this is shown to us there is a chance that "The Happy Life" will be revived for a space. The piece had faults, but it was so fresh, so pretty, and contained such excellent studies of character, that the weakness of its last act should not be allowed to militate against its popularity. In the original cast Miss Dorothea Baird, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, Mr. Fred Kerr, Miss Henrietta Watson, and Mr. Herman Vezin were included. We hope that Mr. Buist will be able to retain all, or some, of them; their playing could not have been improved upon.

One is not surprised to learn that Captain Basil Hood, the author of some of our best and wittiest librettos of the lighter kind, the successor to Gilbert, and a worthy disciple of his namesake, but not his ancestor, Tom Hood, has taken after the serious drama. They always do. The comedian is always trying to play tragedy, and the tragedian loves nothing so much as to make the people laugh. And very often they trespass into the domain of each other with excellent results. So may it be with Captain Hood. He has already written "Ib and Little Christine," an idyll based upon a Hans Andersen story, which Mr. Martin Harvey is to produce, and he has just completed a tragic drama, entitled "Dr. Krantz of Vienna." This we are sure to see sooner or later. Its story sounds guesomely powerful, with a weird atmosphere and a novel motive. The scenes show us a grand ball in Vienna, and an inn in the wildest part of Hungary; so that the author has secured contrast at least, and this is much.

Mr. Tree is being urged to forego any more revivals for the present of the lesser-known Shakespearean plays. But the success of "King John" is so great, artistically and financially, that he may not be inclined to pay very much attention to the wishes of those who want to see him tackle another of the really great Shakespearean characters. Mr. Tree is so much of an artist that it gives him great pleasure to revive the less familiar works of the poet, and there is this much to be said—but for him we should in all probability not see them adequately presented at all. He is prepared for the financial risk of this policy, and his courage has been amply justified.

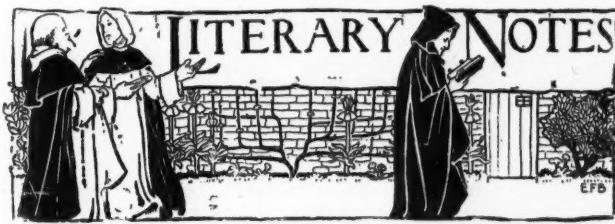
Nevertheless, there is much to be urged for the more orthodox policy. There is one character which Mr. Tree is bound to play sooner or later, and why not sooner? After "A Midsummer Night's Dream" why not "The Merchant

of Venice"? "Timon of Athens," which he has in his eye, is all very well, but to see Mr. Tree play Shylock, and to see the play mounted as it would be at Her Majesty's, we would willingly forego the pleasure of comparative novelty which the vivifying of the Grecian misanthrope would afford us.

Hope runs high about Captain Marshall's new comedy, "A Royal Family," at the Court Theatre. Nothing will please the world dramatic better than the achievement of a triumph by this author. To a certain extent we are building on him to carry on the drama of the future. It is good to have found someone on whom our hopes can be built. The dearth of dramatists is disheartening. The Pineros, the Joneses, the Grundys of the future, have not appeared even in embryo. Captain Marshall and Mr. H. V. Esmond are the only two. If they disappoint us, our case is parlous indeed. Are we to sink into the slough of the Tom Taylor days, having nothing better to show than adaptations from the French, tawdry costume dramas of incident, frivolous farces, and pleasant but uninspiring "musical comedies"?

To dam this flood we look to Captain Marshall and to Mr. Esmond. In their lighter mood—the mood of "His Excellency the Governor" and "One Summer's Day"—they have proved to possess humour, wit, and a pretty sentiment, and they have proved that they can unite art and popular success. In their deeper moments—the moments of "The Broad Road" and "Grierson's Way"—they demonstrated their earnestness, their originality, their strength. In these neither was quite successful, but success was sufficiently nearly approached to urge them to go on and prosper. If they do not flinch from their ideals, if they resist the temptation to "write down," they will go on and they will prosper. They know by this time that to write worthy work does not mean to be didactic or to preach, that earnestness is not synonymous with dullness; that, so long as they are not didactic, so long as they are not dull, the public will take of their best. Nothing is too good for the public, so long as the goodness is in the right direction.

PHÆBUS.



IF in this column I quote more often from the *Academy* than from any other purely literary paper, the reason is not to be found in friendship for the editor or the proprietor. The latter I do not know, the former I know as a bright and highly-cultivated man who has his heart and soul in his work. But that would be of no public use to me if the result of his labour were not valuable. That is just what it is. The *Academy*, although some of the dry-as-dusts may sneer at it on occasion, is wonderfully thorough, as well as up to date; it is illustrated from time to time with passable portraits; it does not insult the reader with bad paper and poor printing; it is cut and stitched. Above all, it is an energetic and living protest against the prevailing fallacy that you cannot be learned without being dull; and therefore it is always welcome.

It is not, however, of anything appearing in the main body of this entertaining paper that I write now, but of its at once interesting and appalling supplement. This is a pamphlet of twenty-three pages containing the autumn announcements and advertisements of publishers. The announcements are classified in alphabetical order, and in some respects they overlap the advertisements. But even the advertisements are interesting to read. There is hardly a column from which one cannot pick out one or two books of which it will be necessary to know something, one or two which it will be necessary for every self-respecting owner of even a modest library to acquire as possessions. Certainly war and rumours of war have not produced upon the publishers that terrifying effect which was prophesied. In the presence of so vast and varied a treasure, it is almost inconceivable that anything of substantial value can have been kept back deliberately for a better opportunity.

To the man who occupies his business in literary waters, this list, although welcome, is appalling. How shall he keep abreast of it? First let him flit from garden to garden of literary flowers, from some of which he has sucked the honey already, like a butterfly; the more serious labours of the busy bee can be postponed for a while. Take Messrs. Macmillan's advertisement, for example. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Stalky and Co." I have read casually as it came out serially. It will not hurt Mr. Kipling if I say that I do not care about it at all. On the other hand Mr. A. E. W. Mason's "Miranda of the Balcony," which murdered sleep last night, is a splendid story, full of enthralling interest, a piece of highly-polished work too; it is likely to be the book of the season. The announcements of the same house include, to pick out a plum or two, "More Letters of Edward Fitzgerald," and "The Life and Letters of Archbishop Benson" edited by "his son"—not, of course, by Mr. E. F. Benson, but by the accomplished Eton master and poet whom the Queen delights to honour.

Highly interesting amongst the announcements of Messrs. Smith, Elder is "More Pot Pourri" from that excellent gardener and social philosopher, and,



J. W. Dick.

A PERFECT REFLECTION.

Copyright

best of all, admirable writer, Mrs. Earle. Mr. Bullen also has a new book; let us hope it will be as good as "The Cruise of the Cachalot." Encouraged no doubt by the success of the biographical Thackeray, the same house are bringing out the "Haworth" edition of the life and works of the sisters Bronte, with introductions by Mrs. Humphry Ward. The story of Charlotte Bronte's connection with the great house in Waterloo Place is always interesting. Another great book which we must all read is Sir Algernon West's "reminiscences."

Novels and collections of tales are very much to the fore, amongst them being Sir Walter Besant's "Orange Girl," which I pronounce without hesitation to be the best thing Sir Walter has produced since Mr. Rice died; Mr. Egerton Castle's "Young April"—let us pray for something like "The Pride of Jennico"; "The Enchanter" of Miss Daisy Hugh Pryce, an Anglesey lady who has great power in story-weaving; Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Little Novels of Italy," delightfully light-hearted; new works from the pens of Mrs. Craigie, (a comedy and a novel), Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Gissing, Mr. Marion Crawford, Mr. Hichens, Mr. Wells, Mr. Benjamin Swift, Mr. Howells, Mr. Neil Munro, Mrs. L. T. Meade, and Mrs. Neish.

Then in biography, and in volumes which verge on biography, we have, in addition to matters already mentioned, the life of Huxley, by his son, the life of Millais, the letters of Stevenson, more notes from the diary of Sir M. Grant Duff, Mr. Gosse's Donne, the autobiography of Prince Kropotkin; and in *belles lettres* a volume from Mr. Watts Dunton, the Shakespearean essays of Mr. Frank Harris, Mr. Whibley's "Art of Life," which is sure to be flippant, cynical, and amusing. In poetry we have a volume from Mr. Swinburne, and in light verse one from Mr. Owen Seaman, upon whom has fallen a very large share of Calverley's mantle; and that is not the tithe, nor even the hundredth part, of the really promising literature which is in waiting.

I have ventured to say that Mr. Kipling's "Stalky" does not appeal to me, which is my misfortune; but the prefatory poem to the volume is quite another matter. Witness this stirring verse, with a ring of the Lesson for "Founder's Day" in it:

"And we all praise famous men—
Ancients of the College;
For they taught us common-sense—
Tried to teach us common-sense—
Truth and God's own common-sense,
Which is more than knowledge."

The jungle of new literature must be hewed down with a paper-knife—fortunately publishers are beginning to save one the weariness of that instrument. In the meanwhile, it is rather a comfort to happen on a trifle light as air which is familiar. It is "The Brown Girls" of Mrs. R. Neish (Arrowsmith). Readers of COUNTRY LIFE have had the opportunity of enjoying the light, irresponsible, delicate, cynical yet good-humoured, flippant yet significant, work of Mrs. Neish. One of her sketches always reminds me of a glass of nice dry champagne. This booklet, which contains several of them, reminds me of a pint bottle. It is precisely the thing for a short railway journey.

One of the nicest pieces of colour-printing I have seen is "Celebrities of the Stage," the first part of which has just reached me from Messrs. Newnes. For portraits we have in it Sir Henry Irving as Richelieu, an exceedingly pretty picture of Miss Sybil Carlisle, another of Miss Winifred Emery, and a very fine rendering of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth. Mr. Boyle Lawrence, who has established his position quite at the head of the young dramatic critics of the day, contributes some bright literary matter. The venture is certain to achieve success; it deserves it.

Books to order from the library:—

- "The Strange Adventures of Israel Pendray." S. K. Hocking. (Warne.)
- "Little Novels of Italy." Maurice Hewlett. (Chapman.)
- "Miranda of the Balcony." A. E. W. Mason. (Macmillan.)
- "Via Crucis." F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.)
- "In India." G. W. Steevens. (Blackwood.)
- "The Desire of Men." L. T. Meade. (Chambers.)
- "Gilian the Dreamer." Neil Munro. (Isbister.)

LOOKER-ON.

THE SATELLITES OF SHOOTING.

THE sportsman may gather a good deal of information as well as entertainment from studying the "satellites of sport," as that pleasant writer on sporting subjects, Mr. Cornish, picturesquely terms the servants who minister to the sportsman's amusement "by flood and field."

Riding to hounds, for example, is conducive to such a study. The hunting man's personal share of the sport consists in riding a line of country and following the hunt with all the skill and cunning he possesses, and he cannot possibly ignore the extent to which his day's sport depends upon the capability of the Master's "satellites," the huntsman and whips. He can derive instruction from them in the field, if he uses his powers of observation, and he may generally derive a considerable amount of entertainment from a talk with one of them when off duty. The huntsman is a personage in his own neighbourhood whom it is a privilege to know, and he is a personage, moreover, generally well worth talking to. Hunt servants as a class are nearly always well-mannered, intelligent men, and are frequently possessed of a refreshing fund of humour and anecdote to boot; their connection with the king of sports, so dear to all Englishmen, makes them generally popular, and the result is that the satellites of hunting enjoy perhaps a somewhat higher standing than the paid employés connected with any other sport.

Out shooting things are rather different. Huntsmen and whips are servants of the hunt, and have a quasi-public character; keepers and beaters are simply the private servants of their master. Hunting, though most aristocratic of sports, is yet the most popular, because the meet is open to everybody, and the humblest yokel can join the foot-people and see something of the sport. Shooting, on the other hand, is in most places entirely a private affair for a

rich man and his friends, and the keeper, so far from being a popular personage, is often regarded coldly as the representative of a monopoly, and seldom becomes, as the huntsman does, the "proper study" of mankind.

In these days of Leviathan bags some men—of the "ready-made" sportsmen genus—like to stand at the end of a covert "under a canopy of pheasants," as Mr. Lehmann says, and make and break records, whilst they regard keepers and beaters merely as so many parts of a more or less well-regulated mechanism for bringing the game to the gun. Of the keenness and trouble these satellites of shooting display in the discharge of their duties they take little or no notice, and of the skill and care which has reared and preserved the birds, and finally driven them in the desired direction rocketing over the guns, they know and care nothing. There are the usual tips at the end of the day, and there the matter ends. The genuine sportsman, however, rates the satellites of sport somewhat higher. He can take as keen a delight in a quiet potter round alone with the keeper as in a big day's driving or covert-shooting, and, if he has a receptive mind, can generally learn a little keeper's lore concerning the habits of birds and beasts, besides picking up a shooting story or two, and perhaps quaint scraps of local tradition and history. Of course every keeper is not an observant naturalist or a born *raconteur*, but every average keeper has something worth telling you, if you can only get at it.

Of all sports, deer-stalking and fishing probably bring master and man, sportsman and satellite, into closest relations, but even out with a party, whether walking or driving or covert-shooting, the gun may profit much, and come home a gladder and a wiser man, from observing the methods and talk of keepers and their underlings.

Beaters are very often first-class sportsmen and keen critics, though their criticisms do not generally reach the indifferent performer at whose efforts they are levelled. Once in the West Country, however, a gun was walking with the beaters through a covert at the end of which the forward guns were causing more noise than destruction. He overheard the following conversation. After every two or three shots a beater in the thick stuff inquired anxiously of one tapping down the hedge outside, who had a good view, "Gort un?" Answer: "Noa, be garn on." Question and answer were repeated several times. Every time the anxious beater swore roundly, and finally ejaculated in high disgust, "Tell ee what 'tes, John. Us can bit (beat) burrs up, but they can't shoot to un!" This particular piece of fair criticism was duly handed on "to those whom it might concern" in the smoking-room in the evening, and was much appreciated by the principal offender. One may often have felt sorry for the keeper when his birds go sailing away untouched, or, worse still, hit behind, but very few men probably have ever regarded the matter from the sporting beater's point of view, or realised how sickening it must be for him to see all his efforts rendered useless by bad shooting "forward"! No doubt he is paid to beat—not to enjoy himself, and still less to criticise—but he has views of his own on sport all the same, and if he takes pride in doing his share of the work properly and expects the guns to do theirs, he is at any rate a real good sportsman. After all, beaters are like Cabinet Ministers (in the play) "human—sometimes very human."

In the West, by the way, they never talk of shooting a bird, but of shooting *to* it, and they pronounce shoot as if it rhymed with soot. The writer will never forget the pandemonium that arose all along the line on one of the first days he was ever out covert-shooting in that delightful country. "Pa'son forward! Pa'son on the right! Garn on! Pa'son comin' up along to ee, zir! Shoot to un! Shoot to un!" It sounded a little bloodthirsty, and certainly did not come well from the parish sexton, who was out beating; but a "parson" is a black rabbit in that part of the world, and there parsons—of that sort—are scarce. Moreover, of fur and feather, the humble bunny of whatever colour always seems to be the beater's chief delight, and no power on earth will prevent a Somerset rustic from "chacking" loud and long when rabbits are on the move.

The sporting farmer is another delightful satellite of shooting. On a big estate the shooting over his farm is probably reserved by the squire, but he dearly likes to walk round with the guns whilst they are on his ground. He takes a quasi-paternal pride in every head of game on the place, knows the exact numbers and habits of every covey—something like the Frenchman with his three hares, Adophe, Alphonse, and Fifine—and tells marvellous tales of the wonderful plenty of pheasants he a-zeed out feeding on his wheat arish (stubble) yesterday evening. However good the show of birds, you may be quite sure that you ha'n't a-zeen more'n about half, and if you'd a-comed practically any other day of the season you'd have had a *really* good day. He is a little trying sometimes, however, both to guns and keepers, as he has a way of overdoing the latter with advice and the former with hospitality. On a blazing hot September day an excellent specimen of his class once came out equipped with a large bottle of what he called "cordial"—the deadliest mixture the heart of man could ever have invented for the purpose of poisoning his bitterest foe. It was port and brandy mixed—neat! With this terrible bottle he pursued the guns for two or three hours, and they were put to desperate shifts in avoiding the Scylla of being poisoned on the one hand and the Charybdis of hurting the good man's feelings on the other. They were not sorry to get off his ground and wish him good day.

The farmer who shoots over his own land merely for his own amusement is generally a very good sportsman; but he is not exactly a satellite of sport. If the metaphor can be kept up, he is, rather, a small planet, and one apt to be a bad neighbour to a larger "planet" whose adjoining estate is well preserved! This is chiefly the case when he turns the sport into a business, and advertises country quarters with shooting attached. The normal result is that when the season is a few weeks old the land becomes pretty bare, the game having been nearly all killed or driven off by constant harrying. A friend once answered such an advertisement in November and wrote to enquire what the shooting was like. He received the laconic reply, "Rabbits plain edges." After much study and thought he came to the conclusion that ferreting hedgerows was meant! No doubt the ground had been "skinned," and he did not go.

But of course the principal satellite of sport, so far as shooting is concerned, is the keeper. And whatever his prevailing characteristic may be—clear-headed or thick-witted, talkative or silent, surly or genial, long-winded, short-tempered or what not—he well deserves and amply repays the "intelligent interest" of the observant sportsman. One virtue he is pretty sure to possess; he is civil and obliging both on and off duty, and, if he knows his business, possesses a mine of information upon a variety of subjects, from farming and forestry down to catching vermin. It is, at first sight, rather a singular circumstance that keepers should commonly be such bad shots. Very probably it is due to the fact that their "practice" is chiefly confined to rabbits and vermin rather than game; but, however that may be, most sportsmen if they search their memories

will probably agree with the writer that they have seldom come across a keeper who shot more than decently well. Perhaps it is this fact, coupled with the expectation of a certain pecuniary transaction at the end of the day—for keepers, like beaters and Cabinet Ministers, are only human—that makes them so tolerant of bad shooting on the part of the guns. A bad shot seldom takes the good advice of a poet in *Punch* to

"Scorn those simple ruses—
‘Birds broke adly,’ ‘got up wild,’
And the other old excuses
Over which we all have smiled,"

and a keeper will always manage to find or re-echo excuses and administer encouragement and consolation, when required to do so by the duffer who has been missing them all day. It must be confessed, however, that there is a sad lack of inventiveness in their consolation, and a great sameness about their excuses—wind, sun, birds wild, and so on. Certainly an English keeper, however good his intentions, could never attain to the subtle Oriental delicacy of the shikari who was sent out by a Rajah in India with a distinguished globe-trotter. Asked when they came in how the stranger had got on, he replied that the sahib had shot with all the skill of the heaven-born, but the Almighty had been very merciful to the birds. This truly was a bright and shining satellite of sport!

J. S. R.



LIKE a good many other prudent people, I have been waiting for rain before taking part in the chase. True I had a day's cub-hunting early in September, but the rattle of the ground as we landed over one—compulsory—jump warned me that my hunting must wait for the rain. Now the welcome downpour has come, the going is really good, and hounds can hunt. Many sportsmen are fond of October cubbing, for then Masters, when the ground is soft, will often slip the pack on a stout cub, with the result that a capital gallop is enjoyed. Leicestershire is well gated; and if fences are blind, in the absence of the crowd we can make the best use of the nicely-hung gates, and vary the monotony with a little of that timber which is still used to mend fences in the shires. Prior's Coppice with the Cottesmore was my first day's cubbing, and as we climbed the hill to the famous covert the melody of hounds was ringing out from the covert. The rise and fall of the chorus told us that scent was catchy, and hardly prepared the field for the way hounds laid themselves down to run when the boldest of the cubs started towards Launds; hounds were gaining on us fast, for the country, never easy, was too blind to allow followers to take liberties, and most of us were just in time and no more to see hounds baying over the mouth of a drain. The fox had, I think, meant the woods at Launde, but hounds fairly burst him up, and he was glad of any refuge. The cub was dug out and given to the pack, thus affording blood whilst their hackles were up. It was Leicestershire at its best while it lasted, for surely no pastures carry a scent to equal that on the Cottesmore grass.

Many recollections of sport in bygone years were recalled by the presentation of a testimonial to Tom Firr by the keepers and earth-stoppers of the Quorn Hunt. Few men have ever occupied a difficult position with such tact as the late huntsman of the Quorn. This hunt has not been in luck during the last two seasons, and everyone hopes that the spite of fortune is exhausted, and that Captain Burns-Hartopp may have the sport he deserves. I drove into Melton the other day, and noted that houses and stabling are filling up. The principal changes are the letting of Leesthorpe Hall by Mr. Sloane-Stanley to Lord and Lady Downshire, who are, except as occasional visitors, new to the shires, and the return of Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck (who will be at Somerby) to their old hunting ground. Most of the other houses will be occupied by well-known people. There are still a few mangy foxes in the country, but less by a good many than there were last season. Lord Aylesford's covert is believed to harbour some of the affected ones. This is rather contrary to tradition, for it is, or used to be, a great place for badgers, and the old idea was that mange was seldom seen where badgers made their home. I always think that cub-hunting is the time to see other packs than those with which one hunts regularly. In the absence of a crowd there is room to see the hounds at work. Accordingly, I stayed a night in Market Harborough, and went out to see Lord Southampton hunt the Woodland Pytchley. It will be remembered that the pack was divided, the Duke of Beaufort taking the dogs, and Lord Southampton the bitches. This beautiful pack, which it took Mr. Austen Mackenzie nineteen years to build up, is Belvoir blood grafted on the old Blankney stock. I saw the Duke of Beaufort's the other day, and except at Belvoir itself I have never seen so much substance and power combined with blood and quality. I confess to going out with the Woodland Pytchley in order to see the new Master hunt them. We had, I may say at once, a very good morning, the huntsman being both quiet and quick, with patience to let hounds work, and promptness to help when they needed it. There was a critical field out, including two Masters, past and present, of the Pytchley, the best judges of hounds in England, and the author of "The Cream of Leicestershire." There is a wonderfully good supply of foxes at Cottesbrooke, and we rattled about two cubs and an old one (from which hounds were stopped). There were others that slipped away unhunted, all clean, healthy-looking cubs. From Market Harborough I continued my tour to Grantham, which of all hunting centres is, to my mind, the best. Melton is too expensive, and there are too many temptations to sit up late and spoil one's nerve. At Market Harborough you have generally a long ride home after hunting, which makes it a bad centre for small studs; but Grantham encourages its visitors to devote themselves entirely to hunting, and offers sport of the best within easy reach by road or rail of its very comfortable quarters. The Belvoir country, on the Lincolnshire side, shows fox-hunting in its best and most sporting aspect, though not, of course, in the most fashionable. Moreover, the Lincolnshire country is tenanted by foxes, both numerous and stout. Let me give an example of the state of things on the Blankney borders. Capell had hard y time to cheer his hounds into Reeves's

Gorse before the who-whoop told that the hounds had tasted blood—that was the first. While this was going on a brace made themselves scarce. Then the hounds were trotted to Capell's Gorse, and a cub was rattled over to the first covert drawn, and he too was killed. But the event of the day was the driving of a field of turnips. No less than six foxes (or was it seven?) jumped up—the whole field seemed alive with them. Two were chopped, and Capell got his hounds together on a third, but hounds were stopped and taken on to Byard's Leap, where I left them. I hear they had a smart scurry and killed another.

X.



IT has long been the tacit or expressed belief of many people that a perfect bicycle can be produced at ten guineas, and no little interest attaches to the number of ten-guinea machines which are now on the market. I have had the opportunity of testing several of these, and it may not be inopportune to give my conclusions here. The machines are mostly of a remarkably good appearance, the enamelling being practically as good as that of first-grade patterns, even where the ten-guinea machine emanates from a house producing several distinct grades. Whether the plating is as good is extremely doubtful, as that can only be determined by actual wear. In the best machines the plated parts are dipped several times, each successive immersion, of course, adding to the cost; and it is highly improbable that the cheap machines receive much attention in this direction, however brightly they may glisten when handed to the purchaser. It is not as generally known, however, as it might be that the plating is not merely a matter of ornamentation. A well-plated machine can stand very much more rain-soaking than one whose beauty is only skin deep, so that a little extra expense in this direction has a practical rather than an aesthetic value.

The first noticeable feature of a ten-guinea cycle is the fact that the tyres are of second-grade quality. Now it is no exaggeration to say that a pair of first-grade tyres are the prime essential of a satisfactory bicycle, and neither in resiliency nor in wear are the same results obtainable from the second-grade varieties. The difference, moreover, is by no means slight; the cost to the trade of second-grade tyres is very much less than that of first grade, and there must be a radical difference in the quality of the two. Ten-guinea cycles, too, are fitted with inferior saddles, and the comfort of the rider is sacrificed in this respect at the very outset; the quality of the leather has a great deal to do with the ease, or otherwise, of a cycle seat, to say nothing of its wearing properties. Another important consideration is the chain. To get the best results from the standpoint of efficiency, to say nothing of immunity from breakages or other troubles, it is politic to have the very best chain that can be made. A faulty specimen not only reduces the driving power to a considerable degree, but is more liable to break, whilst the rapidity with which it will wear involves an early outlay upon a second, which may not settle itself comfortably on its sprockets, as they, too, in the meantime have suffered by use.

The pedals are not of the best, and though many riders do not know the trouble that may ensue from a pair of faulty pedals, for the simple reason that on first-grade machines reliable patterns are fitted, it may be remarked that a bad pedal is an unmitigated nuisance. As regards the bearings, they are of course invisible, but it is highly probable that they have not been put through all the processes essential to the production of a perfectly true and suitably hardened product, and the ease of propulsion and the durability of the machine are bound to suffer in consequence. As to general workmanship, where the assembling of the parts is concerned, I have heard of several instances of a ten-guinea machine coming unbrazed at the joints, a species of happening which may result in actual injury to the rider. Though old riders could often describe marvellous escapes they have had owing to the discovery of a fracture or other flaw when riding at slow speed, a weak spot is more likely than not to give way when the machine is being exposed to its greatest strains, and when coasting down hill is especially a likely time for such eventualities to occur. Consequently, the rider of a ten-guinea machine who puts up his feet upon a convenient down grade cannot possess the same confidence in the mount beneath him as the rider who has invested in a superior article.

The only way in which a maker can legitimately save expense in a ten-guinea machine is by the use of tubing and parts generally which have been rejected as unsuitable for the better-class machine, owing to some slight flaw, but which may prove efficient in actual working. A tube, for example, may have a slight "kink," and be rejected accordingly, but the "kink" may not impair its strength, and the tube can be safely used on an inferior machine. In other respects certain parts may fail to pass muster in a factory devoted to the production of high-grade machines, but be utilised in the cheaper patterns. As a matter of fact, this is invariably the practice of all cycle-making firms, the parts used in the second, third, and fourth grades often being rejected from the first. There is a limit, however, beyond which this practice cannot be legitimately followed, and the rider of a ten-guinea machine can neither get the same ease of driving nor general comfort as from a higher-priced article, nor will he ever be able to feel the same confidence in the workmanship of his mount in its most vital points. Personally, I should have more faith in a ten-guinea machine if it were palpably rougher as to its exterior. A fork-crown may be just as strong if roughly finished as if polished down in the perfect fashion which one may see on a first-class cycle, and many external roughnesses would be possible which would not impair the working efficiency of a bicycle in the minutest degree. But, singularly enough, in the ten-guinea machine there is a surprising amount of exterior smoothness and finish—not so great, of course, as in a machine of twice this price, but still to a degree which necessarily implies that an equal amount of labour cannot have been bestowed upon the bearings and other parts where finished labour is of the greatest possible importance. These facts, therefore, encourage the belief that the ten-guinea machine is "made to sell," whereas, if there were visible absence of labour bestowed upon its exterior, one might reasonably indulge the hope that sufficient care had been bestowed upon parts not visible to the eye.

Cyclists may be excused if they have no technical experience of oils, and accept without demur the special varieties that are offered to them as having been concocted for their express benefit. But there is one type as to the virtues of which I have always found it impossible to attach credence, and that is the so-called "double purpose" oil, which is offered to the cycling public as suitable for lubrication and illuminating purposes alike. It stands to reason that an oil which is thin enough for a lamp wick does not possess the requisite degree of viscosity for a bearing, nor is it generally known how easily the latter may be ruined by the application of improper lubricants. As a rule, the cyclist concerns himself chiefly with his lamp, which, largely from his own neglect, will frequently give him trouble; but he is content to put almost anything into his bearings, provided only he has bought it at a cycle shop. I am pleased to note, therefore, that a Fellow of the Institute of Chemists, who contributes an article on "Lubrication and Lubricating Oils" to the current issue of the *C.T.C. Gazette*, pronounces emphatically against the so-called "double purpose" article. The viscosity of an oil, he states, must be exactly suited to the pressure in the bearing, to which he adds, "it is clear that the argument is an indictment of all materials which are offered for the double purposes of lubricating and illuminating. If it can be shown that a true lubricating oil burns as well as colza or paraffin, there is no more to be said; let the lubricating oil be employed for both. But if a 'double purpose' oil is a substance which is modified from its best lubricating consistency in order to make it a better light giver, it stands condemned on the 'between two stools' principle." The expert in question, by the way, puts in a strong plea for mineral oils as compared with the animal and vegetable varieties, and regards paraffin as the best illuminant for cycle lamps. He is also exceedingly emphatic in his condemnation of the still prevalent use of a naked chain, and regards a gear-case, as do all practical cycling experts, as indispensable where the highest efficiency is concerned.

THE PILGRIM.

SHOOTING GOSSIP.

WITHIN the last few days the Schultze Gunpowder Company, Limited, has taken a step that has very much improved its position. It has amalgamated on very advantageous terms with the Smokeless Powder and Ammunition Company, Limited. The latter company was formed to take over various assets of the old Schultze Company which were not purchased by the new Schultze Company when formed. They included the factory at Barwick with the Smokeless Company's patents, a large stock of powder, and about £70,000 of shares in the American E.C. and Schultze Company, and shares in the Schultze Gunpowder Company itself. The interests of the two companies were very much bound up in each other, many of the shareholders in each holding shares in both companies. This rendered it somewhat difficult for the Smokeless Company to push its business, except in the manufacture of rifle and revolver powders which the Schultze Company did not make. This anomaly has been got rid of by the amalgamation, which, however, provides for the separate working of the two companies. This is effected by the Schultze Company taking over the whole of the assets belonging to the shareholders of the Smokeless Company, who receive as consideration shares in the Schultze Company. The Schultze Company in this way become the only holders of shares of the Smokeless Company, in return for which the shareholders in the latter company receive specially created deferred shares in the Schultze Company. These shares will not be entitled to any dividend until 5 per cent. has been paid on the Schultze preference shares, and 8 per cent. on the Schultze ordinary shares, after which the deferred shares are entitled to the next 8 per cent. earned. In addition the Schultze Company hands over £50,000 in cash, raised on debentures, to the Smokeless Company to be used for the purpose of developing its business. It is unnecessary to go into the figures, worked out by the terms of this arrangement, to show the improved position of the Schultze Company thereunder. It is sufficient to state that without estimating revenue from the assets purchased, the Schultze Company under the amalgamation scheme will require slightly less earning capacity than it does at present to keep up its usual dividend of 8 per cent. to its ordinary shareholders, after payment of preference dividend and £2,000 interest on its debentures. The amalgamation, therefore, is financially advantageous to the Schultze Company shareholders, while it gives them the whole control of the business and assets of the Smokeless Powder and Ammunition Company, Limited, which has the monopoly of the manufacture of "Rifleite," the only rival of cordite powder in this country, as well as of S.S. and Shot-gum Rifleite sporting powders. Following the amalgamation of the Amberite and Cannonite Manufacturing Companies last year, the more recent amalgamation of the Schultze and S.S. Companies, as above mentioned, tends to further decrease the competition in powder manufacture and consolidate the interests of the shareholders, while strengthening the hands of the older companies.

These amalgamations in the ammunition trade are no doubt caused by the necessity for supplying the sporting public through retail dealers with loaded cartridges. To do so the powder manufacturers have to fight the companies, which have hitherto monopolised that branch of business owing to their having the manufacture of the cases. While there were a dozen manufacturers of powder, and only three manufacturers of cases, in this country, the latter commanded the situation. But by the powder manufacturers taking up loading, and purchasing their cases for so doing, where they can obtain them best and cheapest, they have again obtained the upper hand. Because, while Schultze powder, for instance, can only be obtained from the Schultze Company, the cases in which it can be loaded are obtainable not only from the three English manufacturers, but also from a number of American, Belgian, German, and French firms, all competing to supply cases of best quality at lowest possible price. The wholesale profits, therefore, on loaded cartridge selling, which are considerably larger than those on the manufacture of any one of their component parts, are likely, hereafter, to go to the manufacturers of special nitro-powders in demand by sportsmen, and not to the makers of the cases as before. In fact, we have seen evidence of the change already in progress in the loading-rooms at the factories of the various powder companies now sending out millions of completely loaded cartridges of all kinds to retail dealers throughout the world. It would seem that in taking this course, in adding this new branch to their former business of powder-making solely, the manufacturers of popular sporting explosives have very much increased the earning capacities of their companies. Time will show, but it seems to us that when such companies have fully grasped the trade in cartridges their annual profits should be more than doubled, even if instead of making cases for themselves they have to purchase them in the cheapest market. That market, as we

have shown, is now a very large one, not entirely confined to England, as it once was, and instead of going up as lately proposed, the price of cases in the long run is certain to come down. With cheap cases, then, and powder at prime cost of manufacture, the powder manufacturing companies should make very large profits. By the present trend of events in the business of supplying sporting ammunition, it looks as though shares in powder manufacturing companies, such as Schultze, Curtis's and Harvey, and others should prove excellent investments for shooters of all kinds, and that within a comparatively short period.

NEVIS.



THREE is little doubt that on Friday last we saw the best colt of his year in the two year old Forfarshire, who won the Imperial Stakes, beating Democrat by a head. It is true that he only got up in the last few strides, and did not win by far, whilst Sloan was, no doubt, unable to help his horse much after the shaking he had sustained when Leatheronwheel fell back on him in the paddock. On the other hand, Forfarshire was conceding 3lb., and would certainly have won with much greater ease had he been able to get a clear course. When these two met at Sandown Park in July last, Democrat gave Forfarshire 9lb., and beat him by a head, though it was quite evident that the latter would have won had he been able to get through his horses before it was too late. On Friday last he was giving 3lb. instead of receiving 9lb., so that it looked as if he would have to have made nearly 14lb. more improvement than the Yankee gelding if he was to beat him. To set against this were the facts that Forfarshire was unlucky not to win at Sandown Park, and that, being a very young two year old, he has been coming on very fast indeed of late.

In fact, I do not think that I ever saw a colt make such marked improvement in such a short space of time as Forfarshire has done since his Sandown Park defeat. Not only has he let down and thickened to a remarkable extent, but he has lost the excitability which in early days threatened to mar his career on the turf. He is a very big colt, nearer 17h. than 16h., I should say, but there is no lumber about him, and he moves with all the long, easy swing of a real race-horse. He fought out the finish of his last race, too, like a bulldog, and is evidently a good, game colt, and the best of Royal Hampton's sons that we have seen as yet. At one moment on Friday last it looked as if he would be beaten again in just the same manner as he was at Sandown Park. He got badly shut in, and S. Loates had to pull him right round to get an opening, but when he got his chance it was a treat to see the way in which he took advantage of it, and never have I seen a gamier effort than he made. I have always written up this colt in these notes since I saw him as a yearling at Mr. Brice's stud, and there is no saying how good a three year old he may not make.

Of quite a different type is Democrat, a long, low, short-legged, big-boned chestnut, with long sloping shoulders and massive quarters, and a hard wear-and-tear sort all over. How much he may have been handicapped by his jockey's accident I cannot say; but, making all allowances for that, I should always, after last Friday's race, expect Forfarshire to beat him at even weights over six furlongs, and perhaps quite easily over longer distances. That he is a good resolute youngster he has always shown, and, being a gelding, he will probably be winning races long after his rival has taken leave of the race-course. How Longy would run with these two now is a very difficult problem to solve. He is quite a different stamp of colt to either, being without the commanding size and stride of Forfarshire, and of a much more compact, tightly-knit stamp than Democrat. That he can race with the best he showed us at Ascot, whilst being a late foal, he also should have made more than the average amount of improvement since I took such a fancy to him in the spring. I happen to know that he was all wrong when he was beaten at Baden-Baden, whilst from his breeding, his style of going, and what he has done at home, it is probable that he will turn out the best stayer of the three. That Democrat, being an American, will be the worst in that respect is pretty certain, whilst, as horses bred on the other side of the Atlantic are usually more forward than ours, he is also likely to make the least improvement of the three from now to three years old.

Another interesting event on the same afternoon was the October Plate of a mile and a-half, which saw the Cesarewitch favourite, Merman, beaten by St. Is. What was to be gained by running him for a paltry 450 sovereigns, and when it would be obviously impossible to back him, I quite failed to comprehend; and after his defeat he was naturally knocked out to a long price for the Cesarewitch. At the same time I did not think that any importance was to be attached to this running, seeing that the distance was only a mile and a-half, instead of two miles and a-quarter, and that it was a very slow-run race for the greater part of the distance. I was pleased to see the three year old Stage Villain, by Buccaneer out of Mary Anderson, whom I remember as a very good-looking yearling in Mr. Waring's lot at the Beenham Stud two years ago, win the Richmond Plate, and it is curious to notice how constantly the young Buccaneers and Chittabobs from this stud win races without anyone seeming to pay any attention to it. The Imperial Stakes was chosen for the debut of Flying Fox's sister, Vane, but she had been badly beaten in a gallop at Kingsclere, and there was no encouragement to fancy her. She ran fast for a long way, however, and, without ever being in the same class as her brother, looks like paying her way next year.

Although we had no big two year old race on Saturday, we had an extremely interesting handicap in the Duke of York Stakes of 2,500 sovereigns. When first I saw the weights for this I thought that Robinson's stable might possibly hold the winner, although I somewhat lost faith in it when I heard that some of the horses there were coughing and that it would probably be represented by Mount Prospect. Not that I have ever under-rated this very handsome five year old, but because I thought 8st. 1lb. was quite enough weight and a mile and three furlongs a little too far for him. And yet he ran the best race of his life, and stayed far better than I expected he would. At the last that handsome four year old Tom Cringle, with only 7st. 10lb., was made a warm favourite, whilst Greenan was naturally fancied, and it did look as if Survivor's day had come at last, over what was supposed to be his best distance, and with only 8st. on his six year old back.

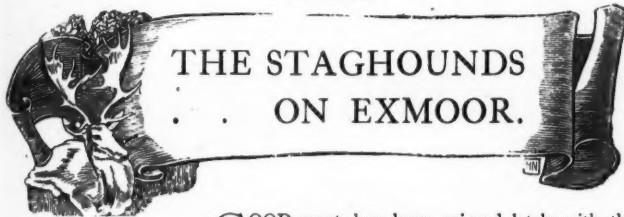
Very well the Waler looked for the time of year, though he is hardly a

taking horse, being too much of the orthodox Australasian type, very good in front, but somewhat light of middle and short of quarters, and rather common withal. He ran exceedingly well in the race, however, being always in the front rank, whilst he had such a good place and was going so well half-way up the straight that I thought he had won his race for certain. Just as his prospects looked brightest he died away, and from first, or nearly so, dropped back to the fourth or fifth place, and I am quite at a loss to account for such a curious thing, seeing that he was apparently full of running the moment before, and that he has always been supposed to stay well. Mount Prospect then drew out with the lead, and looked like getting home, until Ercildoune bore down on him, and running the longest, won a fine race by a neck. The winner, who is by Kendal out of Maid Marian, is a very good-looking three year old, and was a good deal fancied by his trainer, Sam Darling. Mount Prospect ran a good game horse, and it was cruel luck for him to run second for this rich stake two years in succession; but Tom Cringle did badly, and finished nearly last. The principal deduction which I drew from the race was that Survivor will take some beating for the Cambridgeshire.

Large fields and good sport were the order of the meetings at Nottingham and Leicester earlier in the week, though at neither of them was there anything of more than passing interest to record. At the first-named we saw Form win the Welbeck Stakes Handicap, from Tarolinta and the cowardly Dubuque, whilst Kendal Queen, who was quietly fancied by her stable, finished nowhere. Now that this useful Waler has become acclimatised, he will probably win plenty more races of this description. At Leicester, Squire Jack pulled off a double event by winning the Gopsall Plate and the Leicestershire October Handicap, and Sun Bonnet, who took the Midland Auction Nursery, being afterwards bought in for 280 guineas, is probably useful in this class of company.

On Friday we shall have the Middle Park Plate, for which Forfarshire is unfortunately not entered. Democrat will probably run, as also, I believe, will Simon Dale. It is bound to be a close thing between these two, and if the improved going is in favour of the last-named, as it may be, he might make amends for his Doncaster defeat. The Consolation Free Handicap looks like being won by Solennis.

The battle between Democrat and Forfarshire on Friday last sets one thinking about the comparative breeding of these two, and a study of "the figures," usually a safe guide when it is difficult to decide between the respective merits of any two animals, certainly pointed to Forfarshire as the winner. Sensation, sire of Democrat, was of No. 12 family, by Leamington 14; but Democrat himself comes of a family, on the female side, which does not trace to the English Stud Book. His dam, however, was by Rayon d'Or, who was a grandson of Pocahontas, by Glencoe, whilst her dam again was out of a Glencoe mare, and it is to this inbreeding to Glencoe that Democrat probably owes his excellence. Forfarshire is by Royal Hampton 11 out of St. Elizabeth 6, by St. Simon 11, her dam Esa, by Uncas 1 out of Fleda, by Hermit 5. Judged by the figures, this is a far better pedigree than Democrat's, whilst Forfarshire's combination of Touchstone, Birdcatcher, and Voltigeur, together with the inbreeding to King Tom on his two inside quarterings, has a very winning OUTPOST.



THE STAGHOUNDS ON EXMOOR.

GOOD sport has been enjoyed lately with the Devon and Somerset hounds. On Monday they met at Corner's Gate, and found directly in one of the small coverts on the west side of the Barle Valley. After taking a few turns in covert, the stag crossed over to Winsford Hill, where the pack was laid on. A very good gallop was enjoyed over the heather to the Punchbowl, where riders having the inside of the bend could pull up and watch hounds running through the tall fern which covers the bottom of this deep combe. When they came out on to the hill again they ran fast to the allotments, where the stag evidently expected to find other deer, for he beat backwards and forwards in the covert for some time before breaking away again over the open moor. Hounds were very soon out of covert behind him, and scent being good they gave riders all they could do to live with them, as they raced away by Mountsey Hill and South Hill to Red Cleeve. In this thick woodland the stag pursued the same tactics, searching all the likely spots to find fresh deer, but hounds were staunch on the line, and he had to fly once more. Breaking at the top side, he led hounds over South Hill and away for the Hawkridge Woods. Here he was successful in finding plenty of deer, and the pack divided, but they were got together again, and eventually set their stag up to bay below Tarr Steps, where he was killed. His antlers carried all their rights, and three points on top.

Wednesday saw hounds at Cloutsham, but the fog was so dense that hounds could not hunt, and were taken home. Thursday's meet was at Slowly Wood, when tufters drew Withycombe, and roused a heavy stag at once. He broke away over the open on Monkham Hill, and the pack was soon laid on, when they headed for Monkham Wood; but after driving their deer downwards to the water, he turned up, and led us at a rare pace over Monkham and Croydon Hill, crossing for more than a mile over the burnt ground where the destructive hill fire took place in August. Crossing the valley by Beazley, the stag made for the Cutcombe coverts, and we had to go by gates and gaps across a very difficult bit of enclosed country. The Cutcombe coverts were full of deer, and the cunning old stag soon had several on foot. Where hounds changed no one could tell. They ran apparently on the right line up to Dunkery Hill Gate, and it was not till they came out on to the green heather on Dunkery that it was found they were running a hind and calf. Hounds were taken back and tried through all the likely spots, but could never recover the line of the stag. They roused plenty of other deer, and ran a stag from Oaktree Wood right over Croydon Hill before they could be stopped. As it was now quite dark the pursuit had to be abandoned.

A somewhat similar experience was in store for us on Saturday, when we met at Culbone Stables. We found a fine stag, had a good gallop, but failed to kill, owing to the stag getting into the company of other deer. After drawing Hollowcombe blank a move was made to the Deer Park, where four good stags were found in a moment. Tufters settled on to the line of the biggest, and soon drove him out in the direction of Oare. While riding hard to help stop tufters Captain

Curzon had what looked like a nasty fall. His horse put his foot in a hole, and went head over heels with him, but, with the exception of the shaking, he was none the worse. The stag had seemed as if heading for the Culbone coverts, but he swung round, and when the pack was laid on we had one of the prettiest gallops we have had this season, by Stowey Allotment and Black Barrow, to the head of the Ware Water, and away to Chetwold Water. Here the stag had turned down stream a few yards, but quickly left the water, and led us right up the long slope which heads to Bendle's Barrows and downwards by the edge of Codsend Moor, nearly to Dunkery Hill Gate. Here the stag turned short up hill, ran over the summit of Dunkery, and made for the Horner Woods. On the slope of Dunkery there were a number of deer on foot, and our stag joined the herd. We ran hard out to Luccombe Allers, and away towards Huntsgate, only to find we were on the line of a three year old. Huxtable made every cast possible, but the woods were very full of deer, and he never got on the line of the hunted stag again.



[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of October 7th I see an account of a diving dog owned by an officer in Bermuda, and asking if any of your readers know of similar cases. Some fourteen years ago a gentleman living near my house (Cheshire) had a Mount St. Bernard dog of the best blood, if I remember rightly, a son of the ever-noted Champion Bayard, the property of the Rev. C. Macdona, of West Kirby, that would dive into any depth of water for objects thrown in for him to retrieve. I have seen him myself dive into a pool called Bromborough Pool (which was not deep enough in water to cover his large body, but the mud was very soft and very deep), and retrieve stones. Even if he had no previous knowledge of the pool he never refused, and often have I seen him with his head covered with mud, but he always brought out what he was sent for. It was wonderful to see him mount a bridge to have a clean fair dive into deep water, and more wonderful the time he would spend before he came to the surface again. There is a very funny tale told about him, which is, as far as ever I could find, true. One night the police officer on his rounds heard a noise in the stable-yard where this dog was kept, and thought he would just go round and see that all was right, but never gave the dog a thought; but when the dog got him in position for attack, he just got him, the officer, on the ground, and made a bed of him till help arrived in the shape of the groom, who rescued Mr. Bobby, who was quite stiff from cold on one side, the other nice and warm. Once I had a liver and white common spaniel dog that would dive after and capture water-hens under water, and once he made a mistake and took hold of a half-submerged branch of an oak tree, and would have drowned himself if I had not entered the pond to make him loose his hold. Hoping this account may be of interest to your correspondent and readers, but myself I don't see anything out of the common in dogs that are fond of the water diving any more than a man.—GANNET.

ALDER LEAF DULLING GUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you tell me whether you or any of your readers have views on the use of the alder leaf for taking the glitter off gut. I have tried it as recommended by skilled anglers, but cannot see that it makes any difference.—F. L.

[We are rather surprised by "F. L.'s" letter. Whether any of our readers have "views" on this subject we cannot tell, unless they are good enough, as perhaps they may be, to communicate them; but for our own part we have very clear views, to the effect that rubbing the gut with alder leaf takes a great deal of the glitter off it. It is curious that no other leaf seems to have the same effect. One does not, of course, know precisely what influence this dulling of the gut may have on the lags, because one cannot say for certain that "this or that fish took my fly because I was using dulled gut, whereas he would have declined it had the gut not been dulled." This is just the sort of knowledge that fishing experience never can give us; but it can give us strong warrant for the inference that our bags are larger than they would have been had we not dulled the gut. An old keeper in Scotland gave us quite a lecture one day on the effects of the glitter or gut, as seen by fish in the water. This old fellow, in his young days, had been at the pains of diving down into a deep salmon pool, and getting another gillie to cast over him as he lay at the bottom. He assured the writer that he was surprised at the clearness with which he could see the silvery glittering gut, and yet more surprised that, this being so, salmon ever took the fly. He did not seem to know the virtues of the alder leaf, but he made experiments with gut dyed to various hues, and in the end came to regard blackish gut, dyed in ink, as the least visible. We should advise "F. L." to be at the same pains, and have a friend cast over him, first with undulled gut and then with gut over which the alder leaf has been rubbed, as he lies at the bottom of a river. After that experiment we should much like to hear from him again. In the meantime we would counsel him to put much trust in alder leaf.—ED.]

A DAMAGED CHESTNUT TREE IN FLOWER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Early in August some rubbish was burnt rather too near a large chestnut tree here, with the result that a considerable patch was scorched brown. This week that patch is covered with sprouts of young green foliage, and several fronds of blossom. Is this not rather a strange occurrence?—LEONARD NOBLE, Harpsden Court, Henley-on-Thames.

[A curiously abnormal development, by no means unusual, but promoted doubtless by the shock. Of course, chestnut trees are prone to second flowering, not, however, under such circumstances as in your case.—ED.]

BOSTON POODLE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—I enclose a photograph of my poodle Lyrus; he is seven years old, perfectly black, and very active and intelligent. I hope you may think his portrait worthy of reproduction in your paper.—S. C., Boston, Mass.

“TIPS.”

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would say whether you consider the following scale of “tips” correct, and if not any remarks you may make on them will be most gratefully received. I went on a certain Tuesday afternoon to stay with a friend. One of his grooms met me with a dogcart, and drove me to the house, about a quarter of an hour’s drive. Another gun and I shot on the Wednesday and Thursday ten brace and twelve brace of pheasants, besides two hares and ten rabbits. We saw enough to have shot twenty-five brace of birds each day, but birds were so wild, though it was the first time over the ground. We ought perhaps to have shot fifteen brace each day. To the keeper I gave 7s. 6d., as I considered the days were more than “half-crown days,” and he seemed satisfied. The same groom drove me away on Friday morning, and I gave him 2s. To the footman who looked after my clothes during my three nights’ visit I gave 2s. 6d., and left 1s. 6d. in my bedroom for the housemaid. I gave my cartridge carrier 2s. Although my return ticket only cost 4s. 6d., you will see that with tips I spent a sovereign, which is a consideration to a man of slender means. Ought I also to have found out who cleaned my boots, and given him something? If you could write a practical article on the delicate subject of tipping, and give some scale to go by, I am sure hundreds of your readers would be only too thankful to you, and among them—Y.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for his suggestion. The subject is one of perennial and increasing interest, and we hope soon to be able to refer to it in a leading article.—ED.]

FENCING FOR TELEPHONES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF “COUNTRY LIFE.”]

SIR,—I notice one of your correspondents enquiring about the use of fencing wire for telephone purposes. In Australia no insulation is used or required. The top wire of the fence is employed as a conductor. I was staying with a friend some time ago on a station. Ten miles of fencing wire connected the homestead with a hut on the boundary; conversation could be carried out on this line much more distinctly than it can be on the Government lines in Sydney, the absence of induction being the probable cause. I lately stayed at another homestead, which was connected with the nearest railway township, forty-five miles distant, by private wire. This was carried partly on standing timber, and partly on poles, but ordinary insulators were used. The line had six subscribers on contiguous properties. Over the forty-five miles of wire messages were much more distinct than they are generally in Sydney over short distances, where the single wire system is in use. During very wet weather messages on uninsulated wires are less distinct, but still intelligible.—A. J. BRADY.

ABNORMAL FOOT OF FOAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF “COUNTRY LIFE.”]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the fore leg of a foal possessing a single knee, two cannon or shin bones, two fetlocks, two pasterns, and two feet. The foal was cut away from a mare in May last. The specimen is in the possession of Messrs. Ward and Harris, M. R. C. V. S., Lancaster. I took the photograph myself, and it is not doctored in any way.—T. R. SATTERTHWAITE.

P. S.—I have also a photograph of a wild rabbit, which has the teeth in the bottom jaw curled outwards and up towards the nostrils—abnormal length.



THE WHITE EGGS OF OUR WILD BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF “COUNTRY LIFE.”]

SIR,—May I be allowed to add a few words to my article, “Notes on the White Eggs of Our Wild Birds,” which appeared in your issue of September 30th? In it I hardly touched upon the habits of birds that lay white eggs otherwise than in holes. This oversight seems to have given rise to the opinion that there are a sufficient number of these exceptions to weaken my suggested theory. Setting aside for the present the pigeons, we find there are very few birds belonging to Britain (for it is of such the article chiefly treats) that lay pure white eggs in nests built in trees or similar situations. Among the number may



be mentioned several of the owls, as the tawny, the eagle, and the long-eared owls. These lay white eggs sometimes in holes in trees and walls, but at others deposit them in a depression in the ground, on a ledge of rock, or on a heap of debris accumulated from the birds’ cast-up pellets; or they will take possession of an old crow’s nest or squirrel’s drey, for these birds never build a nest of their own. The eggs of the swans, ducks, and grebes are in all but a few instances a greenish white or a buffy white; these colours, particularly when the eggs are soiled, as they generally are, harmonise well with their surroundings of water and reeds; also many of the parent birds of these families cover their eggs when leaving the nest. That the “jackdaw’s eggs are well coloured” can hardly be urged as an objection to the theory; on the contrary, the nesting habits and the eggs of this bird bear out what I have already said. The eggs are certainly well coloured, but, in comparison with those of other crows, show a decided falling off in that respect. Like the redstart, and many birds laying more or less coloured eggs in holes, the jackdaw builds a substantial nest, but its choice of a nesting site is not restricted to holes in cliffs and buildings, for it will build in trees a nest like a crow’s, only more untidily made, and I know a large rookery in Carmarthenshire where numbers of jackdaws congregate, their nests being placed in the tall trees of a large wood, the two species living the same life amicably together. The house sparrow is another familiar example, for it also will nest in trees, as we may see any spring in the parks of London. This points to the possibility of these birds having but recently taken to building in holes, which is their usual custom at the present day. The case of the pigeons appears to me to be the great stumbling-block to the theory, for they invariably lay white eggs, and, with a few exceptions, like the stock dove and the blue rock, build their nests in trees, bushes, or undergrowth. It is generally acknowledged that birds and reptiles have been evolved from a common ancestor. Now all reptiles lay white eggs, so would it not be rash to presume that in the beginning of things avian only white eggs were laid? If this were so, as birds increased in numbers and kinds in the struggle for the preservation of the species new habits would be acquired and new species evolved, owing to the adaptability of animals in altering to suit new surroundings which necessitate a different mode of life. It is only from necessity or from some benefit that may accrue to the species that these changes are made, as the alteration of a single habit may mean the preservation of the species. The Simon tooth-billed pigeon is an instance of this; it formerly laid its eggs on the ground, where it also roosted, and was becoming extinct, but taking to arboreal habits, it has since rapidly increased in numbers. Hence we might suggest that the white eggs of the pigeon retain their colour from the original type of all birds’ eggs, never having had cause to develop a colour that might be considered more protective. Perhaps some of your readers could suggest some other theory in regard to this interesting problem, for there must be a solution to all these problems and a “reason why” for everything in Nature, could we but discover it.—D. M. A. BATE.



A QUEER HEAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF “COUNTRY LIFE.”]

SIR,—I thought very likely you would care to reproduce the enclosed photograph of the remarkable bifurcated tray on the head of the stag we killed on Cloutsham Ball on September 16th. I am sorry I have been unable to develop the film and send a print before.—H. M. LOMAS.

MAKING A WILDERNESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF “COUNTRY LIFE.”]

SIR,—Will you kindly give me some ideas as to the formation of a sort of wilderness in a damp field sloping down to a lake; climate moist and mild.—SPHINX.

[We shall be pleased to assist you if you will give us some idea as to the kind of wilderness desired. Do you require a woodland, tree and shrub groups, or merely a wild garden of flowers, with moisture-loving things by the lakeside? At present the question is rather vague.—ED.]

MAKING A HEDGE UNDER TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF “COUNTRY LIFE.”]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would give me some information as to the best kind of hedge to plant under the shade of trees on a bank 2½ ft. deep, made out of mud taken from a stream. The bank is about 50 yds. long, and I should like something that would grow quickly and form a thick and evergreen hedge. Would Scotch firs, planted close and clipped, do, as I have seen them used for hedges in Berkshire that way?—J. C. A.

[The Scotch fir makes an excellent hedge, but we fear that it would not take kindly to a shady position quite so well as other evergreens. The English yew would be the best shrub to plant for this situation, but laurels would grow more quickly. If the deep green, glossy-leaved Caucasian variety be used a very fine hedge may be quickly formed. If the bank is not very densely shaded *Cupressus Lawsoniana* would form a beautiful hedge, and may be lopped and clipped as desired.—ED.]